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Managing Editor Alison Booth

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Sub-editor Stephen Spark

Editorial Assistant Julia Pearey

Art Assistant Naomi DePeza

Listings contributors Angela Bird
Margaret Davies

Archaeology Editor Ann Birchall

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Advertisement Director Jeffery May

Advertisement Manager Daphne Capel

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Joanne Cutner

Circulation Manager Richard Pitkin

Production Manager John Webster

Production Assistant Tracey Churchill

Picture Library Manager Elaine Hart

Assistant Cathie Beck

Publisher Tony Price

Proprietor James Sherwood

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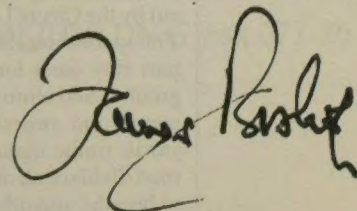
EDITOR'S LETTER

The Earth Summit in Rio reflected accurately enough the world's anxiety about the damage we are doing to our environment. It also effectively demonstrated that an over-hyped gathering of representatives from 178 nations was not the best way of tackling the problem. The terms of reference were too broad and too much was expected. As a result there was a good deal of bickering between the rich and poor nations, a revival of the old North-South divide and ultimate disappointment at the lack of positive action to protect the planet. Over-population, for example, was virtually passed over, yet it is probably the most potentially destructive of all threats to the Earth. Similarly the dangers of deforestation, though not ignored, were left unresolved.

Nonetheless the summit was not a failure, nor a total waste of time. The politicians, international businessmen, industrialists and others who went to Rio will have had to focus their minds on the environment to a far greater degree than usual (for some, possibly for the first time). And they will have left knowing that enough was agreed at Rio to ensure that the subject will remain on the world's agenda. The climate convention obliges its 150 signatories to stabilise their output of global-warming gases. The biodiversity convention, which the US refused to sign (probably because it had done its homework beforehand), should, in spite of its vagueness, encourage measures to protect endangered species. The new Sustainable Development Commission, though regarded with suspicion as yet another level of United Nations bureaucracy, should be able to monitor, warn and advise on the state of the environment at national as well as international level. There is legitimate hope, therefore, that the Rio conference presented one small shuffle forward for mankind. A glance at the photographs in our Window on the World feature on pages 12-17 of this issue will show how necessary it is.

At home the overwhelming distraction in recent weeks has been the state of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. We have nothing to add to the revelations contained in Andrew Morton's book, serialised in *The Sunday Times* and so widely followed up by the rest of the media, but the reporting of the story has possible consequences for the future of the Press that need to be confronted. The Press Complaints Commission, which is the self-regulatory body set up to monitor the conduct of the Press following the Calcutt Committee's inquiry a couple of years ago, was quick to condemn the reporting of the difficulties of the royal marriage, regarding it as intrusive, speculative and "an odious exhibition of journalists dabbling their fingers in the stuff of other people's souls in a manner which adds nothing to legitimate public interest in the situation of the heir to the throne".

The PCC also warned that this type of journalism would threaten the future of self-regulation "just at the time when it appears to be succeeding". Reaction in Parliament and elsewhere suggests that some restrictive legislation may now be contemplated, perhaps a law of privacy. Such a law could hardly have applied in this case, however, since the invasion of privacy seems to have been encouraged, or at least condoned, by one of the parties involved. The Princess knew of the book, gave family photographs to be included in it and did nothing to deter her friends from talking freely to the author. The major problem with laws of this kind is that they can so easily be used to stifle legitimate inquiry, as the late Robert Maxwell so effectively demonstrated, even without privacy in his legal armoury.



NELSON'S COLUMN

THE CITY'S OPEN SPACES



Postman's Park, one of the City's largest green spaces, formerly the burial ground of St Botolph's Church, Aldersgate.

The City of London has always been cramped for space. More than nine-tenths of the Square Mile is now built up, but within it are no fewer than 357 open spaces—half of them green (of which Finsbury Circus is probably the largest and best-known example), the other half paved or hard space (than which none comes harder than Paternoster Square). There are also in the City 1,885 trees of 70 different species—the most common being London planes, limes, cherries, acers (including maples and sycamores), silver birch and ash.

These and a barrage of other useful statistics come from an audit of the City's open spaces sponsored by the Corporation of London and carried out by the City of London Polytechnic. The spaces identified are for the most part tiny oases formed by old burial grounds and churchyards, open pavements and pedestrian areas, courtyards, traffic islands and ornamental road dividers, all of which help the city to breathe and offer its inhabitants an occasional glimpse of the natural

world—even of wildlife, which against the odds continues to survive within the concrete jungle. Grey squirrels, mice and rats are about the only mammals to be found, but birds, particularly feral pigeons and house sparrows, have proved more adaptable.

An audit of birds was carried out on one winter's day in both Finsbury Circus and the Barbican lakes complex. The number counted in Finsbury Circus ranged from 25 at 9am to 49 at 1pm, with an average hourly count of 34.8 birds. Nine species were seen throughout the day, but the vast majority (86.5 per cent) were sparrows, pigeons and blackbirds. At the Barbican lakes the numbers ranged from 89 at 10.30am to 24 at 4.30pm with an average hourly count of 60.4. Eight species were recorded, the majority (78.7 per cent) being mallard and black-headed gulls. Among the less common birds seen were grey and pied wagtails (at the Barbican) and greenfinch in Finsbury Circus.

The general reader may find some of the report's jargon irritating—green

spaces are to be considered “in terms of their landscape/cityscape value” and the urban ecosystem as “a continuum”—but perseverance will be rewarded, not least by two suggested City green trails, one running from the Barbican Centre to Liverpool Street via Finsbury Circus and the other from St Paul's Churchyard to the Barbican. Both would take about an hour and a half to walk, and both explore some unfamiliar but inviting territory, including a selection of the City's secret gardens.

One of the less-well-known spaces recommended on the second trail is Postman's Park, which is among the City's largest green spaces, though not much more than two-thirds of an acre. Lying between Aldersgate Street and Little Britain, and dominated by the heavy Edwardian post-office building, Postman's Park is a pleasantly tranquil area, formerly the burial ground of St Botolph's, which stands (the third church on the site) alongside. The human remains were removed to the London Necropolis at Brookwood, Surrey, in 1880, though some of the old gravestones are still propped up in the corners of the park as reminders of its former use. Today, in addition to the grassed areas, shrubbery, flower-beds and mature trees, the park contains Michael Ayrton's powerful bronze *The Minotaur*. But its most original feature is a collection of enamelled tiles commemorating the bravery of men, women and children who died saving the lives of others.

This was the idea of the Victorian painter George Frederick Watts, and most of the tiled memorials were designed and put up by him before his death in 1904. One commemorates 10-year-old Harry Sisley of Kilburn, who drowned in 1878 while attempting to save his brother just after he had himself been saved. Another records the heroic death of Thomas Griffin, a labourer, who died of burns in 1899 while searching for his mate following an explosion in a sugar refinery in Battersea. A third honours Sarah Smith, pantomime artiste, who died at the Prince's Theatre in 1863 while trying to save a companion whose dress had caught fire.

The church of St Botolph, which is much more richly decorated inside than out, contains in its east window what is believed to be the only painting on glass to have survived in the City of London. It was painted by James Pearson in 1788.

□ *City Gardens*, by Brian Plummer and Don Shewan, is published by Belhaven Press and the Corporation of London at £40.



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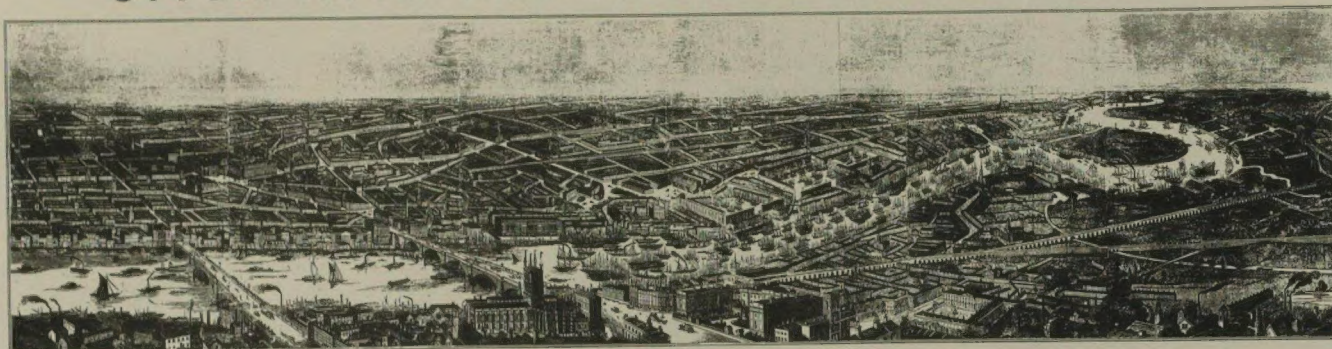
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repositioning of Marble Arch from outside Buckingham Palace to its present position in 1851; the Millbank Penitentiary demolished in 1890 to make way for the Tate Gallery; Nelson's Column without Admiralty Arch (which was not erected until 1911); John Rennie's London Bridge before it was removed and re-erected in Arizona. These are just a few of over 50 famous landmarks or changes that are highlighted on this magnificent print.

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NELSON'S COLUMN

THE HORNIMAN'S MUSICAL MOVES

The collection of more than 6,000 musical instruments at the Horniman Museum, in Forest Hill, south London, is one of the largest and most varied in the world. Its exhibits range over all continents, and stretch in time from 1450BC to a guitar which passed quality control in California last December. They include a *charango* (a Bolivian guitar made from the shell of an armadillo), bagpipes from half a dozen countries in Europe and beyond, and a slit drum from Fiji carved out of a single log rather like a dug-out canoe with each side registering a different note—an incredible diversity of things to blow, beat, scrape and vibrate.

And that, says Frances Palmer, the Horniman's curator of musical instruments, has been the rub. For most of the time the greater part have stood silent in glass-fronted Victorian or Edwardian display cases, giving the bemused visitor no hint of what they sound like or how they work. It has been a mute collection. "That's what has really upset me," says Dr Palmer. "There's lovely music which exists to be played on them."

All this is to change next year. As part of an £871,000 development programme, the Horniman's public display of musical instruments is moving to new and larger quarters where the museum's visitors will be able to hear as well as see, and will in many cases be encouraged to touch exhibits and experiment with how their different sounds are made. The collection, for many years divided between part of the rather gloomy Carse Room and an adjacent gallery, is to move into its own 3,200-square-foot space—more than twice the present area.

"I want more emphasis on what musical instruments are for than we've got room for now, with lots of sound available to visitors," explains Dr Palmer, quickly adding, "probably through headphones, so as not to disturb other people." For some time the museum has used personal cassette-players which guide visitors on a set route around part of the collection. Although this has worked well, the new plans are for something more flexible, so that people can follow their own serendipitous routes, stopping at random in front of this or that intriguing or exotic instrument to hear what it sounds like.

First will come an introductory area giving some impression of the range of instruments—geographically, by type, and by reference to the diversity of their backgrounds—and telling visitors how to use the gallery. Some of



JULIAN CALDER

the more attractive and colourful instruments will be displayed here but, emphasises Dr Palmer, definitely not in dark, off-putting show-cases.

Next will come a central activity area offering not only instruments but also simple practical experiments for discovering how different sounds are produced. These will range from mouthpieces of horns for blowing into, and some more high-tech sound sources, through to "making squeakers out of drinking-straws" and unspecified but, hopefully, non-belligerent activities with elastic bands. An interactive video about the natural or keyless French horn will allow viewers to move to whatever aspect of the subject interests them. The whole area is to be flanked by displays of the very instruments that create the kinds of sound with which the (not exclusively young) visitors are experimenting.

Beyond the activity area will be a space with a raised platform for live performances, and "lounging spaces" for audiences. "We'll be inviting live performers to give demonstrations," enthuses Dr Palmer.

Forming a horseshoe round these two central spaces will be a much quieter area, walled off from them by full-height cases containing colourful and attractive displays of instruments. Opposite these are to be similar, but shallower, display cases broken at

about waist level by a projecting shelf for notebooks or worksheets. Beneath that, in deeper, glass-fronted drawers, the study collection will be housed. "We hope to provide 'perches' to encourage people to stop and take in a bit more information than they thought they would," says Dr Palmer.

The Horniman Museum was built by Frederick Horniman, the tea merchant who first sold that commodity in sealed packets, to house his collection of mainly ethnographic and natural-history artifacts from all over the world. A gift to the people of London in 1901 "to enjoy as a free museum", it was administered by the old London County Council and then, until 1990, by the Inner London Education Authority. The museum and its adjacent park are now run by a government-funded charitable trust chaired by former Science Museum director Dame Margaret Weston.

Last year's opening of a sophisticated permanent aquarium feature called Living Waters, which explains some 20th-century underwater conservation dilemmas, has increased the numbers of visitors from the annual 200,000 figure. Many of these are children, often engaged on school project work, who appreciate the Horniman's commitment to a "hands on" rather than a "glass case" approach.

TONY ALDOUS

Instruments such as this Portuguese violão (guitar) of 1820 deserve to be heard as well as seen, says Frances Palmer, the curator of musical instruments at the Horniman.

NELSON'S COLUMN MAPPING OUT LONDON



Although John Ogilby died before his fine survey of London was published, he was able to present King Charles II and his queen with the project's book of subscriptions.

Because of wartime destruction and new buildings such as Lloyd's people are inclined to think that the City of London has greatly altered in 300 years. But has it? A glance at a map first published in 1676 shows that the changes are extraordinarily few, and mostly cosmetic. This is demonstrated in wonderful detail in *The A to Z of Restoration London*, a book of maps that is almost as useful as—and certainly easier to follow than—a modern street-finder. Of course, the actual buildings are different today; but the street pattern remains much as it was a decade after the Great Fire when the Court of Aldermen, impressed by the survey it had helped to finance, awarded "His Majesties Cosmographers" an additional £100, and requested a free copy for each alderman.

The map was the first accurate ground plan of London and, until the establishment of the Ordnance Survey 200 years later, the most precise. Earlier maps had been aerial views that paid scant regard to scale and showed bird's-eye impressions of houses. The map John Ogilby proposed in 1669 was to be an "ichnographical" and historical description; that is, made up of plans rather than map-views that showed the buildings as three-dimensional structures.

Guildhall Library possesses one of the few surviving copies, and it is currently on view among the treasures of

the Corporation of London in the Barbican Art Gallery's exhibition *A Celebrated City*, continuing until 19 July. At the private view the large 20-sheet map attracted more attention than all the glittering civic plate, illuminated chronicles and valuable oil paintings.

John Ogilby was almost 70 before he started to make maps and had a most unlikely background for a cartographer. Born in Scotland, in 1600, he came to London at an early age and apprenticed himself to a dancer. While performing in a Court masque before King James I, he broke a leg, which gave him a permanent limp. He ran a dancing school near Gray's Inn, went to Dublin where he managed a theatre and, in 1638, was appointed Deputy Master of the King's Revels in Ireland. During the Commonwealth he turned to writing and publishing and in 1661, after the Restoration, composed a coronation pageant for King Charles II.

The damage caused by the Great Fire, and people's uncertainty about what had survived, created a demand for maps. This led Ogilby, who lost his house in Whitefriars and all his books to the flames, to produce geographical atlases needed by the City authorities and those rebuilding London. Ogilby had little difficulty convincing Guildhall and the Palace of Whitehall to subscribe to a map that would describe and delineate "all the Streets, Lanes, Alleys, Courts, Yards, Churches, Halls

and Houses &c" at a scale of 100 feet to an inch. Charles II took out two subscriptions of £500, one for himself and one for his queen, Catherine of Braganza, and during the preparation the Court of Aldermen made regular contributions.

By early 1676, when Ogilby's assistants had almost finished measuring the streets with footwheels, or way-wisers as they were called, most of the City had been rebuilt. Civic business was being conducted at Guildhall, shops were open in the Royal Exchange, cases were being heard in the Old Bailey Sessions House and duties were being levied at the Custom House. The north block of the College of Arms had been erected, 41 livery halls were almost ready for use and the Monument was nearing completion. Half of Wren's churches were under construction and the foundation stone of St Paul's Cathedral had been laid. Hundreds of houses conforming to new building regulations had replaced the tightly huddled wooden structures on main streets that were straighter and wider than before. Lanes, however, remained narrow. Each was allotted a minimum of 14 feet—sufficient to enable two drays to pass.

Ogilby died on September 4, 1676, six weeks before the map was shown to the Court of Aldermen. William Morgan, his collaborator and step-grandson, oversaw the final engraving and arranged for it to go on sale the following January. It became the template for most subsequent maps of London.

A lively commentary by Ralph Hyde fills in the topographical and historical background and greatly enhances *The A to Z of Restoration London*, in which each of the 40 double-page spreads of maps is a facsimile of half a sheet of Ogilby's original 20. Hyde, the Keeper of Maps and Prints at Guildhall Library, has spent more than 25 years in the study of London maps. He was also involved in the production of four previous handy and fascinating historical A to Z atlases, which cover the capital in Elizabethan, Georgian, Regency and Victorian times. Simultaneously, an edition is published for the London Topographical Society, which instigated the series. The society's members—like the aldermen in 1676—will each receive a copy as part of their £20 annual subscription.

DENISE SILVESTER-CARR

□ *The A to Z of Restoration London* is published by Harry Margary, Lympne Castle, Kent, in association with Guildhall Library, London, at £22.50.

WELTON'S WATERCOLOURS

The artist who painted the cover of this issue of the *ILN*, Peter Welton, recently retired as Professor of Fine Art at Leicester Polytechnic in order to spend all his time painting. He did this in response to the increasing demand for his work, reflected not just in *ILN* covers but also in a recent commission for the Queen (a watercolour of a moored boat on the lake at Claude Monet's former Normandy home of Giverny) and in a growing number of exhibitions, including one to be held at the Seen Galleries in Knightsbridge later this month.

Welton's watercolours are every bit as lively as oil or acrylic, full of light and colour, often reflected in water. He is a purist, believing that black and white pigments have no place on the watercolourist's palette. Black he considers to be a dead colour, and he says that white is already there on the paper, ready to be exploited by the transparency of the paint.

He is forthright in his views about realism in art. "Artists are not as good as God at making trees," he says, "so we shouldn't try." Instead, he believes

they should explore the communicative potential of painting, bridging the gap between artist and spectator.

As a teacher he spent a great deal of time and effort persuading struggling young artists that the pursuit of realism was an impossible task. He often quotes the question posed by William Blake: "Shall painting be confined to the sordid drudgery of facsimile representation of merely mortal and perishing substances, and not be, as poetry and music are, elevated to its own proper sphere of invention and visionary conception?"

Welton trained at Durham University under Victor Pasmore, Lawrence Gowing and Richard Hamilton, graduating in 1960. He taught in Newcastle, Salford, Sunderland and Cheshire before moving to Leicester, where he now lives in the small village of Arnesby.

The Normandy village of Giverny became part of Welton's life after he stumbled on it when driving through France some five years ago. He did a few quick drawings and took many photographs which he brought back to



Peter Welton at work in his garden at Arnesby, above. Left, the Giverny watercolour presented to the Queen after she opened the new polytechnic in Milton Keynes.




his studio at Arnesby, where he produced a series of paintings which greatly stimulated his fascination with water. The focus of his work has now moved to his Arnesby home, where he has built himself a fish pond. He is a Piscean, which he thinks might explain his continuing preoccupation with the subject of water.

When the Queen opened the polytechnic in Milton Keynes earlier this year Welton was asked if one of his paintings might be presented to her as a memento of the occasion. A representative from the new town came to his studio and selected four possible pictures, including the original of geese wintering in Regent's Park commissioned by the *ILN* as the cover for last year's Winter issue. This was, in fact, one of the paintings finally chosen, but Welton had, unfortunately, sold it a few days before he was informed of the choice.

"So I asked if I could paint a picture specially for the Queen, and this was agreed. I had begun a painting, using an iris, as a demonstration in a primary school, and I was able to use this as a basis for a painting of Giverny." It was approved, and presented to the Queen by Welton himself.

The exhibition at the Seen Galleries, at 8 Frederic Mews, off Kinnerton Street, SW1, will comprise about 35 original watercolours, and runs from July 10 until August 7. Later it is due to go to Moscow and St Petersburg.



WINDOW ON THE WORLD

RIO SUMMIT'S HOPES OF
SAVING THE EARTH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS SILVESTER

by Hans Silvester
with text by
Hans Silvester
and
Hans Silvester



The Earth Summit conference in Rio de Janeiro ended its two-week meeting in June with some measure of agreement between the 178 participating nations. The centre-piece of the accord was Agenda 21, the detailed plan for protecting the planet's resources, including controls on pollution, waste and population growth, but it was only accepted in modified form. The funds for implementing it will be substantially less than the United Nations believed to be necessary. A new UN-operated body, the Sustainable Development Commission, will be set up to monitor and progress the environmental plan, but it will have to make do with much less money than it had hoped for. The target had been to get the industrialised countries to commit 0.7 per cent

of their GNP for aid by the end of the century, but after hard talking in the final sessions only France of the G7 countries was prepared to make this commitment. As a result the target date was abandoned and replaced by the phrase "as soon as possible". The US refused to sign a legally-binding treaty on biological diversity (species protection), though more than 150 other countries, including Britain, accepted it. Another convention, designed to reduce the damage of global warming, was also agreed. The conference failed to make any significant progress on one of the most contentious issues, the destruction of tropical rain forests. This subject divided north and south nations more visibly than any other, but in the end the Third World countries could not be persuaded to accept binding measures to protect

the world's forests, which are currently disappearing at the rate of more than 15 million hectares a year. All the summit could come up with was a series of principles offering some guide-lines on good forestry management.

The Secretary-General of the summit, Maurice Strong, said at its conclusion that the world's leaders had failed to grasp the challenge to save our environment. "I would have liked to have seen solid commitments, but for the most part leaders have made broad policy statements. I strongly urge them to translate these into concrete commitments," he said. "We're on a course that is leading to tragedy, and as we leave Rio we have not satisfied that concern." Some vivid and disturbing examples of what the world needs to be concerned about are illustrated on these pages.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS SILVESTER/RAFO

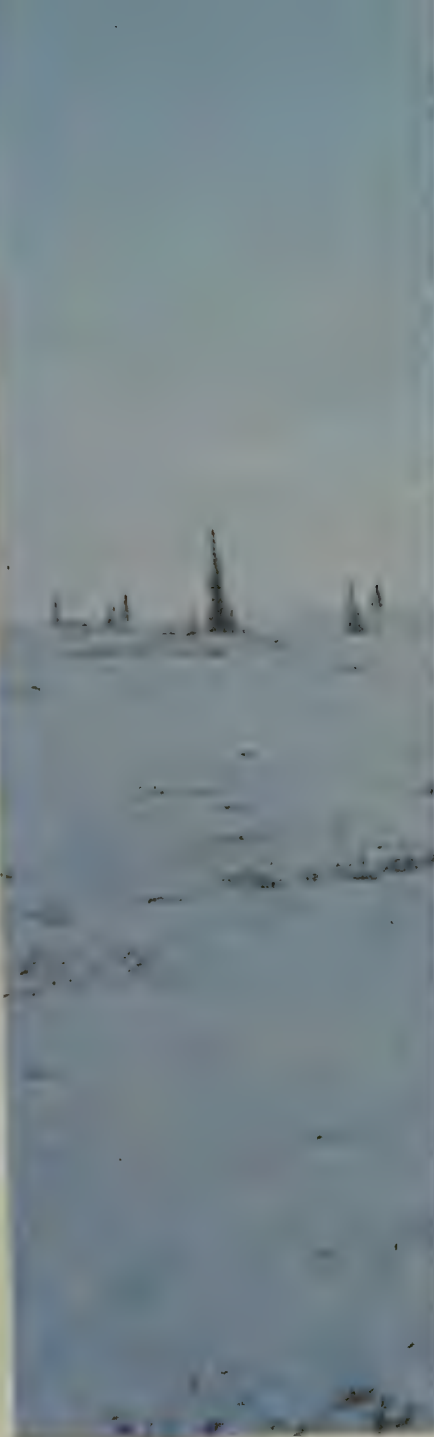


Intensive stock farming, top left, is one of the main causes for the destruction of the rain forests in Brazil. The forests are set on fire to create more space for such development. Another environmental hazard which some world leaders may have seen in the host country was this example of river pollution in the Amazon at Manaus. Above, massive rubbish dump in Marseilles, France, and, left, an industrial complex in Canada.



Hunting, and man's other treatment of animals, threatens the survival of some species. Top left, caged monkey in Amazonia. Above, moorhen hunt in the Camargue, a sport that has died out in the area because of the shortage of birds. Left, brown bear hunting in Alaska. Another popular but forbidden sport in Alaska is moose hunting, above right. Right, fruit mountain of apples and pears in Vacluse, France. Far right, French farmer protected against the toxic sprays he is using to stimulate crop growth and control pests. The Earth Summit's vast agenda included every possible environmental

hazard that man has so far identified. Agenda 21, for example, comprised an 800-page plan for protecting the Earth's resources, but its provisions were so wide-ranging that no one expected it to be followed to the letter. Green organisations were notably critical of the summit. Friends of the Earth noted that it had exposed "the enormous gulf between what the public want and what their leaders are willing to do". In London three activists from Greenpeace climbed Nelson's Column to hang out a banner printed with the comment: "Words failed us".



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GAMBLING IN SPLENDOR

London is one of the major gambling cities of the world, but few people have the opportunity to see the sumptuous salons inside some of Mayfair's finest town houses where much of the action takes place. David Spanier reports on the opulence behind the discreet façades of three London casinos.



Here is a riddle for visitors to London: Why do so many people pass by some of the most elegant and interesting town houses to grace the streets of the capital without even noticing them? Answer: Because the houses have been turned into casinos. London is one of the great gambling cities of the world, but a casual tourist would never know that. Its casinos, which win the colossal sum of more than £1 billion a year, are not deliberately hidden away, but merely forbidden to advertise or promote themselves (though they may do so abroad).

What is more, people who want to play, whether hardened gamblers staking in thousands or occasional punters having a flutter, must be "members" of these clubs. In practice joining requires no more than signing an entry form 48 hours ahead of a player's initial visit—this typically British, "nanny knows best" regulation is intended to prevent

anyone walking in off the street and entering a casino on impulse.

Among the casinos of Mayfair, that crowded, elegant sector of narrow streets and gracious houses bounded, roughly, by Park Lane on the western side and Piccadilly on the south, are two of the finest town houses ever built in London. One is now the Clermont Club, in Berkeley Square, just a short walk from the American Embassy; the other is Les

Les Ambassadeurs has been lavishly restored to the style created for Leopold de Rothschild more than a century ago. Intricate reliefs, left, decorate the panelled library, above. The club's Salle Privée, opposite, is open to those who wager four-figure sums.



Some of the outstanding wood carvings, left, by Florentine designer Chevalier Rinaldo Barbetti that decorate the walls of Les Ambassadeurs. The gaming room of the opulent Ritz Club, opposite, is probably the most successful in London: roulette balls click beneath the trompe-l'oeil sky. The marbled pillars and gold-leaf décor in the bar, below, are an invitation to Edwardian indulgence.

Ambassadeurs, in Hamilton Place, off Park Lane. Equally renowned is the Ritz Club, with its celebrated bar, beneath the Ritz Hotel, in Piccadilly.

Hamilton Place, overlooked by a cluster of hotels at the southern end of Park Lane, is a short street which has accommodated several famous residents down the years, including the Iron Duke, before he moved to nearby Apsley House. He was followed by Lord Chancellor Eldon who, wishing "to beguile the time, and divert my attention . . . sat at my window looking into Piccadilly" and "counted all the long petticoats that went past and all the short ones—short petticoats beating long hollow".

No 5, now Les Ambassadeurs—the most sumptuous casino in town—is a Rothschild house, built about 1810. The original building, modelled on the classic pillared mansions in fashion at that time, is thought to have been designed by Thomas Leverton, who frequently worked for the Russell family, Dukes of Bedford. The house was drastically remodelled in 1879-81, for Leopold de Rothschild, by W. R. Rogers of William Cubitt, a family firm whose founder had reclaimed much of the area from swamp.

Rothschild spared no expense. When Rogers came to remodel the house he encased much of the exterior in Portland stone and added a slate roof, adopting a Venetian Renaissance design dubbed "rich Frenchified classic". Four storeys high, the house is distinguished by three-window bows and a two-storey projection on the Park Lane side that supports a terrace to the second floor. Overall, the impression is of an ample, almost palatial, nobleman's house, ornamented by balustrades, cornices and a parapet.

Inside, the Rothschild taste in opulent and cluttered furnishing and decoration drew disparaging envy. "The sense of lavish wealth thrust up your nose!"

protested a visitor to another Rothschild mansion. "Eye had not seen nor pen can write the ghastly coarseness of the sight!" In the master bedroom Rothschild outdid the Americans "by providing himself with a perfectly fitted-up bathroom actually at a stone's throw from his bed!"

The house was acquired by London Clubs in the 1980s with the idea of turning it into a luxury casino for "high rollers"—to attract visitors from Asia and the Arab world rather than the English, who can no longer afford to gamble for high stakes. Working with English Heritage, the company spent a lot of time and money restoring the house's classic features (reportedly, it recouped the £7 million cost of this work in the first

three months of play after the casino opened), ensuring that, even as a modern casino, the house retains much of its character.

Thus, the library on the ground floor, richly carved in the Italian Renaissance manner, in dark wood, is a reverent, brooding kind of room, its bookshelves lined with musty volumes. It also contains some outstanding wood-carvings, by the Florentine designer Chevalier Rinaldo Barbetti. The walls, ceiling and fireplace surround are completely panelled and carved with intricate miniature reliefs. Whether any modern-day gambler has time to dally over the Latin and Greek epigrams set in the carvings is another matter. For beyond the library, beckons the Salle Privée (in gaming parlance, a room open to anyone who cares to wager four-figure sums across the tables). This small, quiet, elegant former dining-room has walls entirely covered in white marble and an oval painting on the ceiling depicting the four seasons.

On the first floor the original house had two interconnecting Louis XV drawing-rooms, with a conservatory running alongside them, filled with plants. These two rooms, opened up to become one large salon, now form the main gaming area of Les Ambassadeurs for roulette, blackjack and punto banco, the English version of baccarat. The room is long, light and airy, bright with filigree gold leaf and plaster cornices. Gamblers may saunter from table to table or, if they want to calm their nerves, stroll out to the conservatory for coffee. Linking the ground and first floors is a solid oak staircase of Napoleonic sweep and grandeur. A modern casino, of course, needs a dining-room of quality: with a glass roof leaning out over the old garden, the restaurant makes an agreeable rendezvous, summer or winter. The garden, reduced in size, has been







landscaped with a cascading waterfall, for dining al fresco.

Even more opulent, in its way, is the Ritz Club, located downstairs in the former ballroom of the Ritz Hotel in Piccadilly. Its centre is the famous curving, wooden bar flanked by marbled pillars and gold-leaf décor, an invitation to Edwardian indulgence, offering the full range of classic champagnes. On one side is the dining-room, small but sumptuous in its cuisine; on the other, the wide casino (probably the most successful in town) opens up. The air is hushed, apart from the clicking of roulette balls, and the light dimmed, which slightly shades the fine *trompe-l'oeil* sky painted on the ceiling. The prevailing tone in the Ritz Club is a deep red, reflected in the flowing silks of the croupiers' gowns, by the Japanese designer Yuki.

The Clermont, in Berkeley Square, is a jewel-box of a house, opening out from a gilded double staircase, its outstanding feature. During the 1960s the Clermont became home from home of the *jeunesse dorée*, its most famous patron being Lord Lucan—the noble earl who disappeared without trace almost 18 years ago, on that infamous night when his children's nanny was found battered to death. The memory still lingers in the high-stakes salons of the Clermont.

The moving spirit of the Clermont in its heyday was the gambler John Aspinall, who has pursued a successful career on both sides of the baize—running gaming, and gaming himself. Every gambler of note was to be found at the *chemin de fer* table in those days: the pick of them, including financier James Goldsmith, immortalised in a witty sketch by the artist Dominic Elwes.

No 44 Berkeley Square—the house that became the Clermont Club—was built by the architect William Kent in 1744. A Yorkshire boy of humble origin, Kent was apprenticed to a house- and coach-painter, went to Italy as an architectural student, and then had the good fortune to catch the eye of Lord Burlington, the influential patron of Palladian architecture. There followed a commission from Lady Isabella Finch, Burlington's niece, to build her a house in Berkeley Square.

The area railings and lamp support (complete with extinguishers for the link boys' torches) have an elegant air. The front door is plain and solid and swings open easily to reveal a simple entrance hall, leading to a dramatic interior. Ahead, beyond a little bar, is a small drawing-room, rich and ornate, and on the right the staircase.

Horace Walpole pronounced the staircase of No 44 "as beautiful a piece of scenery and, considering the space, of art



as can be imagined". Classical in conception and baroque in decoration, it rises to the full height of the building. Above it the curves of the translucent dome match the horseshoe shape of the double staircase below. Here opens up the main salon, a small, squarish, high-ceilinged room, one of the finest of its scale and period. The main feature is its gorgeous ceiling, covered with cameos depicting the lives of gods and goddesses, Jupiter presiding. Two chimney-pieces are of inlaid white and Siena marble.

The size of this, now the Clermont's main gaming-room, can be gauged from the fact that it contains only two roulette wheels, a punto banco game and a blackjack table. The gaming here has an intimacy that attracts high-stakes players. On the other side, facing the garden, an even smaller room has two more blackjack tables and another roulette wheel. In effect, this is a boutique casino, preserving the character of the house.

Some time after the demise of Lady Isabella, who lived there for a quarter of a century, the house was bought by the first Earl of Clermont. He maintained a table "at once elegant and luxurious, choice in the selection of wines, and in every accompaniment of taste or opulence"—noble hospitality, which greatly

"As beautiful a piece of scenery as can be imagined", wrote Horace Walpole about the staircase of 44 Berkeley Square, opposite. Now the Clermont Club, the house was designed by William Kent; the dining-room, above, is a more recent addition.

appealed to the Prince of Wales, later King George IV. It is appropriate, given the transformation of the house into the Clermont Club, that his Lordship's interests should have been largely sporting—he won the Derby and became known as Father of the Turf.

Berkeley Square has always smiled upon gamblers. Early one morning in 1813 Beau Brummell was walking by when something glittering in the gutter caught his eye. Stooping down, he found a crooked sixpence. He took the coin home and, before going to bed, drilled a hole in it and fastened it to his watch chain. From that moment on, the story goes, his fortunes, both at the tables and the racecourse, turned for the better. □

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To celebrate our recent 150th Anniversary, The Illustrated London News has produced a commemorative issue with 220 pages in which many renowned contributors have recalled the major events over the past 150 years and have given their thoughts, hopes and fears about the next 150.

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ILN's 150TH ANNIVERSARY WINNERS

The winners of our 150th anniversary competition are Mr and Mrs R. Eaglestone, who live in Northampton. They win a trip to Venice, flying from London, staying two nights at the luxurious Hotel Cipriani and returning on the legendary Orient-Express train.

Mr and Mrs Eaglestone were correct with all their answers to part 1 of the competition, but failed on four of the 10 questions in part 2. They were closely followed by Mrs E. Sedgwick, of Coventry, who failed on one question in part 1 and three in part 2, but also made a small number of errors in names.

The correct answers are as follows:

PART 1

- 1 Herbert Ingram MP
- 2 Sarajevo
- 3 Grand National, 1956
- 4 Sir Arthur Evans, discoverer of Knossos
- 5 Belle Elmore, murdered wife of Dr Crippen
- 6 Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles, 1922
- 7 Old Physic Garden, Chelsea
- 8 Al Capone
- 9 Jenny Lind as Marie in *La Fille du Régiment*
- 10 Amelia Earhart

PART 2

- 1 Cdr Edward J. Smith, captain of the *Titanic*
- 2 Sylvia Pankhurst
- 3 Princess Beatrice, youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, 1885
- 4 Cambridge is sinking, Oxford boat became waterlogged, race was declared void, 1912
- 5 Thomas Edison
- 6 Prime Minister Asquith leaving Richmond Barracks, Dublin, where the Sinn Feiners were confined in 1916
- 7 Ammunition barge exploded on the Regent's Canal, destroying a bridge, 1874
- 8 Gordon Richards
- 9 On the corner of Fleet Street and Farringdon Street, 1855
- 10 Frank Lawton, W.C. Fields and Jean Cadell in *David Copperfield*



TERRY FINCHER

THE COUNTRY HOUSE CLUB

The attraction of living in a stately home palls when the bills arrive. Geraldine Bedell finds that owners are supplementing their income by making country wines, hosting hovercraft races and re-creating 16th-century life.

A speckled green patch has mysteriously appeared on the wall in the Great Hall, the plumbing is clunking in the eighth bathroom and the bill for cleaning 120 windows has just arrived. Such are the travails of the owner of a stately home; unfortunately, having ancestors who were royal favourites or enormously rich is no guarantee of disposable income in 1992. Punitive taxation, exorbitant labour charges, and maintenance costs running at an estimated £1 per square foot per day mean that inheriting a historic house can be as much a burden as a blessing. No owner wants to be the one to break the faith of generations, but few have the income to maintain a great house, let alone to update and improve it.

The answer is to go commercial: to throw open the great gates to visitors or to go into business. However, Peter Sinclair, executive secretary of the Historic Houses Association, points out that although most houses receiving grants from English Heritage are required to admit the public for a certain number of days a year, few can survive on entrance fees alone. The modern lord of the manor needs to be a sharp businessman, with an eye for profit. Entrepreneurial owners have proliferated in the past two decades, introducing hovercraft racing, open-air theatre, corporate golf days and other ventures just to keep the roof on.

For its part, the Historic Houses Association—sometimes described as the trade union of historic-home owners—lobbies for the interests of private owners of heritage properties, on tax policy, for example, and can advise on how best to open a house to the public. Founded in 1973 by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and the late George Howard, of Castle Howard, it has some 1,300 members, ranging from the Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim, to people with “quite modest, small manor-houses”.

Country-house chatelaines can be found enthusing about astroglide slides for adventure playgrounds, discussing go-karts like professionals, or washing up after teas in the old stables. No one is above the fray: the Duchess of Devonshire has written a children's book about Chatsworth's animals, and some of the greatest houses, including Beaulieu and Woburn, are the most commercial. But the smaller, less famous places are more interesting, because owners tend to be more intimately involved. “There's no course for owners of historic houses, to tell them how to do it, but they know their

houses and usually know what's best for them,” says Peter Sinclair.

Set in spectacular scenery between Beaulieu Firth and Loch Ness, Monia Castle has been a seat of Clan Fraser since 1580. The Frasers started making country wines from local fruits and flowers there 11 years ago. Today the business has an annual turnover of £500,000 and, according to Kit Fraser, has “basically saved the house”. Kit's mother, Philippa Fraser, the castle's owner, oversees the winery as well as a preserve-making business added five years ago, while Kit runs the wine bar and restaurant alongside. “The nice thing is that it's totally separate from the

house,” says Mrs Fraser. “The winery is in the stables and the old laundry, so no one comes into our family home.”

The winery was started for a simple economic reason: the castle has no land to support it. “Originally it was designed to pay the rates,” Kit says. “Now we're finally reaching the stage where profits can be diverted into general repairs.” Over the years the range of products has grown, so that the castle now produces five wines, two liqueurs and an ever-expanding variety of preserves. The winery employs 16 people throughout the year, increasing the staff to 30 in summer, and sells to licensed grocers, delicatessens, hotels and restaurants all over Scotland. Preserves, and some wine, are exported around the world.

Kentwell Hall, a glorious moated Elizabethan house in Long Melford, Suffolk, has been in the Phillips family just 20 years. The house had been



Above, corporate entertainment pays handsomely for Lord and Lady Ingilby at Ripley Castle. Preceding page, hovercraft races and car clubs boost Stanford Hall's income for Colonel Aubrey Fletcher and Lady Braye.



TONY ANDERSON/DAVIDS

pronounced beyond rescue when Patrick Phillips bought it for £30,000 in 1971—a sum that would have procured him a Georgian house in good condition with about 15 acres and a tennis court. He stopped the rain coming in, installed plumbing, pulled out a lot of fireplaces and personally rewired the central block and the east wing all while he was building his career as a Queen's Counsel.

Judith Phillips gave up her job as an advertising executive in 1976 to open the house, and two years later the family started their Tudor re-creations. For three weeks each summer Kentwell Hall becomes a piece of Tudor England, where 350 volunteers dress, speak, churn butter and play lutes as if the 20th century—or, indeed, the 17th—had never happened. "Nobody comes out of role; we don't admit the 20th century exists," says Judith. "Quite a lot of training is involved. Information has to be

consistent, although the actual degree of knowledge needed varies—if you're a haymaker you might not even need to know the name of the monarch."

Life is re-created as nearly as possible as it would have been lived at Kentwell in the 16th century. Royalty never visits, because royalty never did. The indefatigable Patrick does most of the research in the British Museum whenever he can spare time away from rebuilding the house, jetting to Hong Kong or providing half the house's income from his work as a commercial barrister. Participants, many of whom come back year after year, range in age from three months to 92, and from those with specialist knowledge, such as early-music enthusiasts or herbalists, to those looking for social life. "It's fantastic," says Judith. "It goes on all night, and we become democratic after-hours, so that if you're not a member of the household and wish to

Under Lord and Lady Broomfield's astute stewardship, a golf course and conference rooms have been added to Broomfield Hall.

learn gentry-type dancing, that's the time to do it." Nowadays the re-creations are always over-subscribed.

The house employs 12 people, but participants in the re-creations are unpaid. However, they do eat three meals a day from the 20 gallons of milk and three gallons of cream produced in the dairy, the cheese and butter made there and the loaves baked daily from two sacks of flour and four blocks of yeast. Ingredients for herbal preparations are grown in the walled herb garden. Spinning and weaving take place in the moat house (even older than the main house), which also contains the dairy and bakery. Two briefing days, in February and May, precede the main event. In between, participants are expected to research their craft



or trade and perhaps make props, such as a sewing-box or a book of hours. They are also supposed to study the language of the King James Bible and of Shakespeare's mechanicals, and practise saying their "ayes, nays and come hithers".

School parties troop round the house and grounds on weekdays 18,000 children in a three-week period, and for four weekends the house is open to the public (12,000 adults came through last year). Entrance fees for the re-creations contribute half the house's income, adults paying £9 on Sundays and £7.50 other public days; school parties are charged from £190, depending on age and numbers. "The main re-creation (there are smaller events at odd weekends) takes us 10 months of the year to organise, so it should reflect 10 months of income and pay 10 months of salaries," says Judith. "It doesn't remotely. We have rare-breed farm animals, which

cost £25,000 to feed last winter, which is as much as we would have got if we'd slaughtered them."

At Stanford Hall Colonel Edward Aubrey-Fletcher echoes this sense of house as beloved albatross. He describes his fine William and Mary home near Lutterworth as "absolutely a drain on resources, a taskmaster". In contrast to the Phillipses, who will not apply for grants for which they are eligible because "we do not want Big Brother sitting on our shoulders telling us what we can and can't do", Colonel Aubrey-Fletcher and his wife, Lady Braye, who owns the house, seek all the financial help they can. "Unfortunately, grants from English Heritage get more and more difficult every year," the Colonel says. So, after casting around, the family has lighted upon hovercraft racing.

Stanford's magnificent park includes a long lake, known as the Serpentine, and a

stretch of the River Avon. The presence of an island and plenty of surrounding land makes this one of the best hovercraft circuits in the country. The Hovercraft Club of Great Britain comes twice a year for international and national competitions. "The craft are 8 to 10 feet long, with one engine and one man," says Colonel Aubrey-Fletcher. "We usually get 70 to 100 over a weekend. They make an awful lot of noise, but they go quite fast 70 miles an hour on water—so if they are hit by a crosswind they spin around and do all sorts of exciting things." The family makes no charge to the Hovercraft Club; the idea is that the competition will attract spectators. Last year Stanford averaged 1,000 people a day for the hovercraft races, bringing in £1.70 per adult and 80p per child in entrance fees as well as swelling refreshment profits.

When not hosting hovercraft races, Stanford Hall is a venue for car club

meetings: 38 clubs come regularly. At a recent Volkswagen event more than 4,000 people paid £2 apiece to get themselves and their cars into the park, cramming local lanes with Beetles, Polos and Golfs. The Aubrey-Fletchers are open to suggestions for future events: hot-air balloons, quad bikes (a superior form of go-kart), clay-pigeon shooting—you name it, they are prepared to try it.

"There's no profit, in the sense that we could go off and have a holiday on it," says Colonel Aubrey-Fletcher. "I don't believe any historic house open to the public makes a profit. You just try to survive. At the moment that's tough, because corporate days out have dropped off tremendously as a result of the recession." But the Aubrey-Fletchers feel they have no alternative to weathering the storms: Lady Braye's family started building the present house in the 1690s and has lived on the site since 1430.

The mainstay of many country houses today is corporate entertaining, "offering higher income, with less wear and tear than you get from thousands of people trooping through," according to Sir Thomas Ingilby. He proudly announces that the corporate entertaining turnover of his home—Ripley Castle, near Harrogate, in North Yorkshire—is one of the highest for a stately home. "Unfortunately we're small, as castles go. We are deeply envious of people who have a spare wing they can use as a conference centre. We operate on a Brian Rix basis—ushering tours out of one door while a conference comes in at the other. But it does pay handsomely: it's the bulk of our income, and helps to keep the castle and village together."

Ripley Castle has been in the Ingilby family for 650 years (the oldest part dates from 1450, the rest from 1555 and 1780); Sir Thomas says gloomily that he is still paying the mortgage. But things are not so bad. He recently opened a 25-bedroom four-star hotel in the village, and although this will need to pick up passing trade if it is to be profitable, it will also provide overnight accommodation after events at the castle, allowing further activities to be offered.

Some historic-house owners become as commercially sophisticated as the companies they entertain: under the stewardship of Lord and Lady Bocket, Bocket Hall, near Welwyn in Hertfordshire, has become a veritable industry, employing 60 people. The first of two golf courses has just opened, for which individual (five-day) membership costs from £5,000 and corporate membership £12,500. Lord Bocket talks persuasively of the five-star accommodation, choice of times to play, conference rooms and no club committee getting in the way.



TOM AND EVE DAVIES

Other corporate entertaining is on a far more intimate scale. At Manderston, a lovely Adam-style house near Duns, on the Scottish borders, owners Lord and Lady Palmer dine and play billiards with people invited to shoot. "When companies come for shooting parties they take over the whole house," says Lady Palmer firmly. "Coming to a house like this, they want to be with the owners and treated like guests."

Manderston was built in 1903 by Lord Palmer's fabulously rich great-great-uncle, Sir James Miller, who married a Curzon. Legend has it that when his father-in-law asked whether he would be able to look after his daughter, Miller retorted: "I should think a good deal better than you, sir." He then built Manderston, which was modelled on Kedleston Hall, his wife's childhood home in Derbyshire, allegedly telling his architect not even to think about cost. It is an

Opposite page, Lord and Lady Cobbold draw huge crowds to Knebworth House with rock concerts; Lord and Lady Palmer prefer to entertain more quietly at Manderston, above.

exquisite house with a silver-plated staircase, copied from the Petit Trianon at Versailles, and 56 acres of manicured garden but, as Lady Palmer says, with 110 rooms even the window-cleaning bills are alarming. "Houses like this don't eat money; they eat people."

Major and Mrs Gibbs, of Sheldon Manor, near Chippenham, in Wiltshire, do not have guests to stay, partly because they do all the catering themselves and "it's difficult to be both sides of the green baize door at once". Also, it is partly because they fear the house is too cold: a visitor from Florida needed three heaters in her room before she would get out of bed. But they, too, are in the corporate entertainment business, for, as Elsie



MARTIN BLACK

Gibbs remarks, "Simply opening to the public never kept anyone's roof on."

The house is busy almost every day. On a typical afternoon Rolls-Royce was displaying a collection of cars to potential clients, who enjoyed a drive along the lanes, Bucks Fizz, lunch and opportunities to wander round an informal, romantic family home, where Old Masters hang side-by-side with grandchildren's crayonned sketches. Major Gibbs does most of the cooking, a skill learnt as an escaped prisoner of war in Italy; his traditional English specialities include sorrel pots and wild boar, venison and Jacob lamb, quince cheese and Lady Fettiplace's date-and-almond tart.

Sheldon Manor has been a family home for 700 years, and a working farm for much of that time. Martin Gibbs's grandfather bought it in 1917, and after a dismal period in the hands of a bankrupt tenant, who kept chickens indoors

Standing in front of the buttressed porch of Sheldon Manor, Major and Mrs Gibbs aim to cover the winter bills by offering a variety of activities and fine cuisine.

and allowed brambles to grow up to the top storey, it returned to the family in 1952. Built in warm Cotswold stone, Sheldon is surrounded by old-fashioned roses, has a buttressed 13th-century porch ("astounding", declares Pevsner) and slightly musty oak-panelled rooms. A marketing man might nevertheless consider the house's unique selling point to be its owners' charming eccentricities—the information notices stuck on paper plates in each room, Mrs Gibbs's kaftans, a refusal to rope off any rooms.

Two years ago the takings were £108,000—the best year so far. The bills are £1,000 a week in winter, including rent paid to their son, now owner of Sheldon. They have had quad bikes, small

conferences for the Post Office and for local government, company "days out" and clay-pigeon shooting. "If we can cover the winter bills, we're content, but we're always looking for new ideas," says Mrs Gibbs. It is not easy: "Sometimes we have been preparing food at 5am. But we eat off it. We live on the leftovers."

Many of the new generation of historic-house owners bring established business skills to the job. Knebworth was in a dire condition structurally when Lord and Lady Cobbold inherited it in 1971. They immediately set about revamping it, adding a highly sophisticated adventure playground. In 1974 they held what was to become the first of a regular programme of rock concerts, attracting huge audiences to hear some of the industry's biggest names.

The most successful businesses grow naturally out of the talents of owners and the needs of houses. Mark and Iseult Hughes have rescued a 17th-century house from its former life as a run-down hotel. Poyntzfield, across the Cromarty Firth from Invergordon, has been scrupulously restored with minute attention to detail: beams for the roof came from a Newcastle shipyard, the floorboards from an Inverness brewery. Now the couple have been asked by the Scottish Historic Buildings Trust to renovate another 17th-century house nearby. Their use of Caithness slate in the kitchen and courtyard has led to them reaching an agreement with the quarry to market and distribute the flagstones.

On paper, the owners of historic homes are extremely rich. Many do live exceptionally well, and the pleasure of being alone with the cedars and the panelling when the visitors have left is considerable. Others live restrained, even straitened lives, economising on personal extravagance for the sake of the house. The most impressive thing about historic-house owners is their sense of responsibility for maintaining a house, grounds and a community of co-workers.

Not all owners like having the public traipsing about their houses, turning up their noses at the smell of damp and the need for several vests, but the younger generation in particular feel themselves stewards on behalf of the wider community. "I suppose my ambition is to keep the house in private hands, and pass it on in one piece," says Catherine Maxwell-Stuart, who, at 26, recently inherited Scotland's oldest inhabited dwelling, Traquair House. "That said, I wouldn't want the house to be cut off: it must be somewhere people feel free to come into. I wouldn't want to see it open just two days a week. I think if you live in a house as old and important as this one, you have a public responsibility." □



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THE GUGGENHEIM GOES GLOBAL

Attracting praise and criticism alike, the director of one of New York's foremost collections of modern art has expanded his museum's horizons physically and metaphorically, constructing the additional block envisaged in Frank Lloyd Wright's original design, below. Anna Somers Cocks reports.



Try to imagine the strategic thinking of a large multinational corporation such as IBM applied to the art world, and there you have the policies of Thomas Krens, director since 1988 of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York. Perhaps it is not surprising that his admirers tend to be from the world of business, while many professionals from the art world grind their teeth when his name is mentioned; he cuts across the caste barrier that

separates scholarship and commerce.

He is 45 years old and 6 feet 5 inches tall. His style is Yankee puritan, in contrast with the French-accented urbanity of Philippe de Montebello at the Metropolitan Museum, and the patrician diplomacy of Carter Brown, outgoing chief of the National Gallery of Washington—considered by many in the art world to be America's top museum directors.

Krens can be rather chilly, almost off-putting. He does not bother to play the courtier, unlike other American museum

directors, who have been hired partly for their ability to charm the Renoirs off Park Avenue walls and the endowment funds out of businessmen's pockets. Krens has a different, more Napoleonic vision of how to develop his museum and maximise its potential (that is the kind of language he talks, having gained Master's degrees not only in fine art from New York, but also in public and private management from Yale).

Before being chosen to succeed Thomas Messer, who had headed the



Thomas Krens, left, director of the Guggenheim Museum, above and below. After restoration and extension it will reopen in June.



for 27 years, Krens was director of Williams College Museum of Art, Massachusetts, and was largely unknown. Now he is a player on the world scene, with a Guggenheim Museum due to open in Bilbao in 1996, negotiations for another spectacular branch in Salzburg in progress, and expansion of the existing Peggy Guggenheim Museum, in Venice, under study.

Back home, Krens's pet project (dating back to when he was at Williams College) to transform the 28 buildings of

an abandoned industrial complex at North Adams, Massachusetts, into the biggest contemporary art gallery in the world is still maturing, with the support of the State of Massachusetts.

In New York, Frank Lloyd Wright's famous spiral building housing the Guggenheim Museum is reopening after a complete restoration; curators and stores have been moved out of spaces intended for display and an extension block has been completed, in fulfilment of Lloyd Wright's original idea. To celebrate the

opening, on June 28, a neon installation by the Minimalist sculptor Dan Flavin will light up the entire spiral. Opening at the same time is the first of the Guggenheim offshoots negotiated by Krens, comprising 60,000 square feet of loft space in SoHo, the area of New York famous for its artists' studios and contemporary art galleries.

The choice of show for the SoHo opening is loaded with meaning for those in the know about Krens's policies. The colourful, emotive paintings of the

Negotiations are now under way for a spectacular, avant-garde Guggenheim Museum in Salzburg. Designer Hans Hollein's plan, left, is to sink it into the rock overlooking the town. The city of Bilbao hopes to counteract its image as a declining industrial port with Frank Geary's design, below left, that recalls the town's steelworking past.

pioneer of Abstraction, Vassily Kandinsky, and the ethnographically inspired sculptures of the Rumanian Constantin Brancusi are being displayed with works by two Minimalists, Carl André and Robert Ryman, as well as ones by three or four other artists. The Kandinsky and Brancusi exhibits come from the core collections of the Guggenheim, dating back to the founder, Solomon himself, and his presiding muse, the eccentric German Countess Hilla Rebay; the André and Ryman works come from the collection of the Italian Count Panza di Biumo, from whom Krens acquired 210 Minimalist pieces in 1990. To do this, however, he had to sell three good works from the old collection, a Kandinsky, a Chagall and a Modigliani. He caught the last of the art market boom in 1990, but many Americans, especially in conservative museum circles, were stung by the fact that these were from a source so famous in the history of American collecting and were bought by foreigners. Furthermore, many of Panza di Biumo's Minimalist works were not fully realised—they were just the artists' designs on paper waiting to be made up. To Krens's critics the exchange seemed cold-blooded and aesthetically risky.

Krens's answers are consistent and logical, as one might expect from a man with such a strategic vision. The Guggenheim owns 146 Kandinskys and the one he sold had been shown only twice in 30 years. Krens has sold three works in his 11-year career as a museum director, and he has been able to add a whole new dimension to the Guggenheim's collections, with important American works of the 1960s and 1970s, which he has repatriated from Italy. After all, the museum could not allow its collections to fossilise and it had no purchasing funds equal to the vast prices modern art fetches today.

In fact, when Krens took over, the Guggenheim was running out of money. It had an operating deficit of \$2 million in 1988; like so many American

ATELIER HANS HOLLEIN

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museums, it was discovering that its endowment fund simply was not big enough. The building needed repairs and, in any case, could not show more than about 4 per cent of the collections at any one time, let alone add to them.

An early task for Krens was the issue of tax-exempt bonds, repayable in 25 years against the security of the board of trustees. The \$54.9 million it raised has made possible the restoration of the building and the construction of the neighbouring extension. The holdings of

the museums remain so large, however, that even with this extension there is still going to be more in store than on display.

Krens's extraordinary contribution to museum history has been to devise an international policy for the Guggenheim. This acknowledges that the contemporary art world is already very international in its exhibitions, as exemplified by the Venice Biennale and the huge biennial Documenta festival taking place this summer in Kassel, in Germany. Curators operate internationally,

Blue Mountain by Vasily Kandinsky. The Guggenheim's collection of works by this pioneer Abstractionist is the largest in North America. Krens caused controversy by selling a Modigliani, a Chagall and a Kandinsky to finance the purchase of some Minimalist works.

and Krens has appointed eminent Italian art critic Germano Celant and leading Spanish arts administrator Carmen Giménez as curators to the Guggenheim. Dealers are beginning to have galleries in New York and Paris, or Madrid, or Cologne; and the art fairs, such as those in Basle and Madrid, are becoming more important year by year, not just for business, but also as opportunities for the exchange of ideas.

Krens realises that art, and in particular a museum or gallery which guide books consider "worth the detour", is now seen by the more enlightened city fathers as an economic asset. The Basque regional government, in Spain, is committed to a massive investment in the Bilbao Guggenheim museum whose opening will help counteract the city's image as a declining industrial port and home for terrorists. In February this year the Basques agreed to pay the Guggenheim Foundation £10.9 million for the use of the name, the loan of works from the New York museum, and for the parent establishment's curatorial expertise. It will be housed in a building as extraordinary as the Lloyd Wright spiral. Frank Geary has designed a cluster of swooping, asymmetrical funnel shapes that recall Bilbao's old steelworks, expected to cost £54 million; a



One of the museum's treasures: The Laundress by Picasso.

further £16.2 million will go on urban regeneration projects in the neighbourhood. Krens has thus enabled the city to do itself a great deal of good while earning money for his own museum and getting more of its collections on show.

The project to build a Guggenheim branch in Salzburg is still waiting for the Austrian government to decide how much money it will contribute; the building, if it happens, will be an amazing combination of art and avant-garde architecture. The design, by another darling of the museum world, Hans Hollein, is a great funnel, covered by a shallow glass dome, cut down into the rock of the mountain overlooking Salzburg.

In Venice the Guggenheim is angling for nothing less than the Dogana, the customs house at the point of the Dorsoduro reaching into the lagoon. In keeping with his policy of appointing international trustees who can help stretch his policies around the world, Krens chose the dynamic, controversial Gianni De Michelis, Italy's Foreign Secretary, whose power-base is in the Veneto; whether having an Italian politician on his side will be a help or a hindrance in the snarled-up Italian political scene is yet to be revealed.

There is no doubting the grandeur of Krens's vision. If his skills in choosing curators and encouraging them in the precise, detailed work of scholarship are of the same order, he may yet confound his staid critics in the art world and go down in history as one of the great, innovative museum directors □

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GUATEMALA'S MAGIC

Anthony Daniels delves beyond Guatemala's negative reputation to reveal a country rich in natural beauty and cultural traditions. Photographs by Thomas Hoepker/Magnum.



Above: Antigua can claim to be one of the world's most romantic cities, with views of volcanoes from its cobbled streets.

The Holy Week celebrations attract pilgrims from all over the country, including these penitents who fill its streets with incense during the Good Friday procession commemorating Christ's journey to Calvary. At 3pm, the time of Christ's death, they exchange their purple robes for black.

Right, the small town of Chichicastenango is also known as San Tomás, for the saint who has given his name to its main church and whose statue is seen opposite being paraded through the streets. Indian ancestors and Catholic saints are worshipped side-by-side in the church.

Previous page: Many villages perform the Baile de la Conquista (The Dance of the Conquest), in memory of Guatemala's subjugation by Spain. Elderly ladies are shown here at San Francisco el Alto, a town which enjoys a magnificent hillside setting on an outcrop overlooking the Quezaltenango valley.

Guatemala exerts a stronger effect upon its visitors than any other country I know: few indeed are those who do not wish to return there as soon and as often as possible, its reputation for political violence and brutality notwithstanding. Scratch the country's surface and there is much that a foreigner may find disturbing but, as in so many developing nations, cruelty co-exists with considerable natural charm. Tourists can easily avoid the violence; and recently, for the first time in Guatemala's history, an elected president handed over office to an elected successor at the end of his term.

Although even smaller in area than England, Guatemala encloses within its borders an astonishing geographical and human diversity. Tropical rain forests containing magnificent Mayan ruins, valleys with a perennially temperate climate, rugged highlands and an unspoilt Caribbean coastline all lie within easy reach of each other. And the modern nation is the outcome of a still imperfect fusion of two different cultural

traditions—the indigenous Indian and the Hispanic.

Antigua, in the western highlands, is the modern name for Santiago de los Caballeros de Guatemala, the Spanish colonial capital of the captaincy-general of Guatemala (which included all of Central America). The city was severely damaged by earthquake in 1717 and again in 1773, so the capital was moved 15 miles away to its present site at Guatemala City. The move preserved Antigua from the ravages of subsequent building. It remains one of the world's most romantic cities in a setting of unequalled beauty. Its cobbled, grid-pattern streets command views of the volcanoes Agua and Fuego, which rise to more than 12,000 feet. Agua is a near-perfect cone upon whose verdant slopes the light plays an unceasing series of variations, so that one never tires of looking at it. And in the courtyard gardens of the city's colonial houses humming-birds hover at the orange blossom. No wonder the Spaniards thought they had found Arcady.

During Holy Week the city is visited by thousands of the devout. On Good Friday an intensely moving procession passes through the streets, which the residents have decorated the previous night with beautifully patterned carpets of flower petals and coloured sawdust.



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Right: ancient Mayan religious beliefs co-exist with the Christianity imposed by the Spaniards, especially in Guatemala's cities. The pre-conquest Indian culture is at its strongest in the more remote highlands, where natural beauty is strewn just through breaks in the mist—add to the sense of mystery that surrounds the rituals. Here, offerings are made to a Mayan god, deep in the forest near Santiago Atitlán, a village where religion plays an important role in daily life. Below: eight carpets of coloured macabrit and flowers are a feature of the Holy Week celebrations throughout Guatemala. This one decorates a street in Santa María de Jesús, an Indian village perched several hundred metres up the side of the Agua volcano, and starting-point for the five-hour hike to its summit.

Elaborately constructed and decorated religious floats weighing up to 4 tons are carried shoulder-high, each borne aloft by 80 penitents dressed in purple. The air swirls with copal incense, on whose clouds seems to wait the sound of mournful yet uplifting music played by local brass bands. On the steps of the cathedral the bishop publicly forgives two thieves released from the prison, who have followed the procession bearing heavy wooden crosses. No one who has witnessed this Good Friday event in Antigua is likely to forget it.

A two-hour drive away from the city is Lago de Atitlán, which Aldous Huxley called the most beautiful lake in the world. On the northern shore is Panajachel, a resort long inhabited by European and North American lotus-eaters in search of wisdom and a cheap place to live. On the southern shore is another world altogether: here, at the foot of more volcanoes, lie the villages of San Lucas Tolimán, Santiago Atitlán and San Pedro La Laguna, where the Indian world predominates. Each Indian community has its own distinctive costume, which makes Indian markets in Guatemala colourful beyond compare; and religion is syncretic, a mixture of Catholicism and pre-conquest beliefs. In Santiago, for example, one can see the image of Maximón (also known as San Simón)—an Indian idol associated with drinking and smoking to whom cigars and *aguardiente* (cane spirit) are offered to



Villagers dressed as Roman centurions carry a massive platform with statues depicting Christ and the cross, surrounded by the saints. It is part of the Good Friday procession that is the highlight of the Holy Week celebrations at the traditionally Indian community of Santa María de Jesús. From the village there are breathtaking views across the Panchoy valley to the smoking cone of the Pacaya volcano and, in the distance, to the ancient Guatemalan capital of Antigua in the western highlands.



ensure prosperity—paraded alongside the image of the Virgin Mary during the Good Friday procession.

There is a chapel for Maximón at San Andrés Ixtapa, half an hour's drive by car from Antigua. On altars in front of the idol, which is dressed either in a military uniform (a symbol of power) or as a German coffee-plantation owner of the turn of the century, people place different coloured candles according to their prayers—including black to ward off (or perform) malevolent magic. Replicas of Maximón in glass cases are sold in the little town for domestic use.

The most famous town in Guatemala's western highlands, which stretch from Guatemala City to the Mexican border, is Chichicastenango. Despite an influx of tourists, it retains its Indian character. The twice-weekly market is not merely a place to buy and sell, but an arena for unharried social ceremonial: the Indian world outlook is neither commercial nor competitive. Inside the churches one sees the mysterious observances of their religion. There are no pews; instead, worshippers sit on pine needle-covered floors and utter impassioned prayers before their rows of candles.

Each Indian village has a fiesta on its own saint's day which often includes the *Baile de la Conquista* (the Dance of the Conquest), a ritualised re-enactment of the disaster which befell the Indians when Pedro de Alvarado, a man of courage, cunning and cruelty in equal



Top, civil guards in Todos Santos, armed with rifles, protect the town against anti-government insurgents. All are dressed in traje, the traditional costume which for men consists of striped red and white trousers, and shirts with heavily embroidered collars. A highland village with little more than one main street, it serves an agricultural community.

Above, Almolonga, whose name means "place where the water springs", is a village that hugs the side of a valley rich with crops fed by several streams. This produce finds its way to a huge Saturday market, usually carried on the heads of local women who sport brightly woven headbands. Food and flowers change hands among the lively crowd at lightning speed.



At first sight there seem to be few reasons for visiting San Andrés Nechul, a small, sleepy village just north of Quezaltenango, whose inhabitants scrape a living out of farming the inhospitable hills nearby. But its gaudily decorated church alone makes it worth a detour. A venerable old building, with extremely thick walls, its essentially Hispanic architecture incorporates many Indian elements. The façade is painted bright yellow, and covered with images of saints and mischievous cherubs who disport themselves among heavily laden vines.

measure, conquered Guatemala for Spain. (In the first century after the conquest the Indian population declined by more than four-fifths, largely as a result of diseases introduced by the Spaniards, to which the Indians had no immunity.) For this dance, similar to some performed in the Andean countries of South America, the costumes are extraordinary. The mask which signifies the conquistador Alvarado has the Spaniard's famous golden hair, which was likened to the sun, and his light blue eyes. As the dance unfolds, one senses the strength of the visceral incompatibility between the two cultures, Indian and Hispanic, which remains after more than four-and-a-half centuries of parallel existence in the same land.

Life in the highlands can be harsh,

with children working from an early age, often carrying huge loads like draught animals. To earn money to supplement the subsistence gained from their small hillside farms, many of the highland Indians migrate every year to the coffee plantations in the south of the country for the picking season.

One third of Guatemala's territory is taken up by the jungles of the Petén in the north. Here are the Mayan ruins of Tikal which can be reached speedily by air or, in considerably less comfort, by road. Either way, the effort is rewarded. There can be few finer experiences in the world than to sit contemplating the sunset on top of one of the pyramids that tower above the jungle canopy. The fortunate may catch a glimpse of an ocelot or even a jaguar. The ruins themselves are both magnificent and mysterious: even today no one knows why the Mayans should have suddenly abandoned Tikal about 1,000 years ago.

There are other, less accessible Mayan ruins in the jungle for the more adventurously inclined. And there is much else to see and experience in Guatemala. The town of Esquipulas, near the Honduran border, is famous for the agreement signed there in 1987 by the five presidents of Central America to end its civil wars. But it is equally notable as a place of pilgrimage and is dominated by a huge 18th-century basilica in which is kept the 16th-century, miracle-working sculpture, the Cristo Negro (Black Christ) of Esquipulas. Every year, on January 15, thousands of devotees from all over Central America and Mexico converge on the town, in an atmosphere closer to that of a medieval fair than any other event I know.

In the east of the country lies the Caribbean coast. The town of Puerto Barrios, once a United Fruit Company port, is now full of decaying wooden buildings like the Hotel del Norte, a large, slightly rickety structure where rooms cannot be locked and nothing seems to have changed since the early part of this century. The small town of Livingston, with its gaily painted wooden houses, lies north of Puerto Barrios at the mouth of the Rio Dulce and is reached by boat. It is inhabited mainly by blacks whose speech is said to have its roots in an Angolan language. The pace of life is slow and pleasant, and the coast as yet undefiled. It is a paradise for beach lovers.

Guatemala offers almost everything a visitor could want: natural beauty, cultural interest, historical monuments, pageantry and even (for those who wish it) a hint of danger. Prices are reasonable and welcomes are warm. I know of no one who has left Guatemala without having fallen in love with it □

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THE TROPICAL GARDEN TAMED

Brazilian landscape designer Roberto Burle Marx uses a painter's imagination and a botanist's knowledge to create spectacular gardens, writes William Howard Adams.

At Santo Antonio da Bica—Saint Anthony of the Spring—a former coffee plantation west of Rio de Janeiro has been transformed into the studio, botanical garden and home of Roberto Burle Marx. The personality of this towering artist seems present in every plant, flower, rock and pool. He has lived there for nearly 50 years, travelling each day to his atelier in Rio's decaying Laranjeiras district. On the way, he passes several of his monumental landscape creations, including the 4-kilometre-long black-and-white-and-rust-coloured tessellated pavement fronting Copacabana beach, and Flamengo Park, created on an enormous landfill in Guanabara Bay. He may stop at a new bank to inspect its roof-top garden, hidden serenely several storeys above the city's terrible traffic jams.

Roberto Burle Marx was born in São Paulo in 1909. His father, an immigrant from Germany who claimed to be a distant relative of the founder of Communism, provided a cosmopolitan European foil to his mother's Brazilian Catholic heritage. The family briefly returned to its European roots by moving to Berlin in 1928. There Roberto studied music, thinking that he might pursue professional singing, but it was the art of Picasso, Braque and Matisse that made a lasting impression on the South American. It was then, too, in the Berlin-Dahlem Botanic Garden, that he first became aware of the riches of Brazilian flora. Its very exuberance, seen in the bleak, grey light of a German winter, acted powerfully on his imagination and was to become a life-long obsession.

When he returned to Brazil in 1930, no northern Protestant inhibitions would restrict Burle Marx's celebration of the senses—tactile, aural and, above all, visual—as he explored painting, architecture, theatre design and decorations for Rio's Carnival. His garden creations are meant to appeal to the eye. The images that assault the visitor to Santo Antonio elicit an emotional and personal

SHIRLEY SHERWOOD



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRELL GREHAN



Opposite page, the Brazilian garden designer Roberto Burle Marx has been described as "the real creator of the modern garden". Visits to the Berlin-Dahlem Botanic Garden triggered an awareness and life-long love of his country's rich native flora. He combines an encyclopedic knowledge of tropical plants with a painter's eye for form and texture in his work, for he is also a painter, sculptor, theatre designer and botanist. On his estate, Santo Antonio da Bica, he has conserved both plants, in a world-famous collection, and architectural fragments of old buildings from Rio de Janeiro, above. He has contributed many landmarks to the modern city, too, including the wave-patterned mosaic pavement that runs along Copacabana Beach and the Avenida Atlântica, left.



response even before the artist is encountered working on a painting or textile design, or transplanting a rare philodendron in one of the vast planting sheds where, over 40 years, he has assembled the largest private tropical plant collection in the world. Both artist and student of science, he has raised garden design to the level of other arts in this century. Such an achievement last occurred 200 years ago, during the Enlightenment, when garden art was briefly recognised as being on a par with painting, poetry and drama.

On his return from Weimar Germany he entered the Escola Nacional de Belas Artes, the National School of Fine Arts in Rio, where he studied painting, architecture and landscape design. Significantly for Burle Marx, the old-fashioned curriculum made architecture a compulsory subject in the first year, although his chosen profession, painting, continues to be an integral part of his eclectic creative life in the arts.

At the beginning of the 1930s several young avant-garde architects, led by Lúcio Costa (briefly director of the National School of Fine Arts), were about to propel Brazil into the forefront of the International Movement. They included Oscar Niemeyer, Jorge Machado Moreira, Gregori Warchavchik and the brothers Marcelo and Milton Roberto. This concentration of experimental energy attracted Le Corbusier to Rio in 1936 to work on the landmark design of the new Ministry of Education and Health building, a breath-takingly daring commission by the Vargas government. Burle Marx, who had been invited to create a mosaic wall panel for the new building, was asked to design the roof garden for Le Corbusier. The fame of this, his first major commission, soon spread throughout the international architectural community.

Against the cold, austere lines of the concrete-and-glass slab created by Le Corbusier and his team of young local architects, the baroque energy and colour introduced by Burle Marx came as a welcome relief. Already he had become captivated by the intoxicating possibilities of his country's native plants

and flowers. Mastering the basic vocabulary of garden design, the wild forms, textures and extraordinary range of colour he encountered fired his painterly and theatrical imagination.

The initial appeal of Burle Marx's startling work, both in form and raw materials, lay in the way his gardens were able to soften, humanise and make accessible the stiff, uncompromising forms of the new architecture. It was not only Le Corbusier and the young, radical architects of South America who found *o estilo* Burle Marx irresistible; discerning critics and designers in colder, northern climates were enthusiastic, too. Historian and critic Sigfried Giedion, writing in the 1950s on contemporary trends in Brazilian architecture, pointedly asked how the hard-edged, static international style would fit into a tropical setting. He believed the answer lay in Brazil's own landscape architect, whose work was able to temper the stark high-rises of Rio and São Paulo without compromising the ideals of the Modern Movement.

Over the next three decades Burle Marx's practice flourished, not only in the large urban centres, but also in their wealthy suburban enclaves. There, new villas designed by avant-garde architects, such as Rino Levi, and earlier European-style estates were given fresh yet sympathetic settings with a distinctively Burle Marx imprint.

Burle Marx's background as a painter has led both admirers and critics to consider his work a translation of painting into the three dimensions of landscape. While the painter's eye undoubtedly informs the aesthetics of Burle Marx's gardens, his genius lies in turning an outline drawn on paper into a composition that satisfies the onlooker emotionally, intellectually and, of course, aesthetically. The affinity in shapes and the colour harmonies of the plants and flowers he knows so intimately are only two aspects of this composition. His sensitivity to the surrounding topography, the sharp definitions he insists on between colours and textures, and the way he deploys natural trees and man-made plant sculptures as surprising vertical exclamation marks completely alter the abstract plan. The dramatic design of 1948 for the estate of his friend Odette Monteiro remains one of his most influential residential creations. Its grand baroque gestures co-opt the surrounding mountains, forests and sky with a Latin bravura.

Burle Marx is that rare 20th-century artist who also has cosmopolitan tastes, worldly interests and warmth. Every weekday he can be found in his office/atelier in Rio; the weekend is centred on Santo Antonio da Bica, where he paints,

Burle Marx studied architecture at the Escola Nacional de Belas Artes and often collaborates with architects. His garden and park for Olivo Gomes's estate, in São José dos Campos, above, complements Rino Levi's country house. Left, for the Ministry of the Army, in Brasília, he created the Praça Triangular, a triangular water garden incorporating concrete shapes representing crystalline structures.



MICHAEL MORAN

Roberto Burle Marx and his brother, Siegfried, bought the sítio, or small farm, of Santo Antonio da Bica, at Guaratiba, in 1949. Over four decades it has been transformed into a spectacular garden and nursery for his enormous collection of tropical plants and has been bequeathed to a government-supported foundation. The house contains ample evidence of its owner's catholic tastes—wooden altars, ethnic embroideries, Margaret Mee's botanical paintings of Brazilian flora, modern glass, traditional pottery figures from Minas Gerais, wooden ships' prows and religious sculptures. His own paintings, ceramic tiles, tablecloths and elaborate arrangements of dried and fresh flowers decorate rooms such as the open-fronted studio, above, where he paints at weekends.

receives friends, inspects the great planting sheds or sits talking to some of the 50 guests who have lingered after a lunch served on tables covered with his hand-painted cloths.

The house is low, single-storeyed, with a deep veranda running along one side. It overlooks a water garden incorporating 19th-century architectural fragments gathered in Rio. The rooms are not only full of his paintings but also contain startling collections of Brazilian folk crafts, Victorian pressed glass, colonial church sculpture and books. On the way to dinner we pass botanical drawings by his late friend Margaret Mee. At the centre of the dining-room table stands a floral sculpture which he has found time to construct during the weekend's constant comings and goings. At Santo Antonio dinner, like everything else, has a flamboyant Burle Marxian quality.

Garden and kitchen art intersect. Conversation around the table takes place in at least five languages. Burle Marx speaks of his Brazilian mother, who introduced him to gardening. He recalls an aria from an obscure French opera and begins to sing. Even the drama of the fading tropical light seems to be stage-managed.

He turns to me and draws on a scrap of paper a sketch of a sculpture he is contemplating for a playground he is about to design—a man of 82 thinking of a garden for children, a garden he might not live to see completed. Suddenly I recall an observation made by the art critic Harold Rosenberg of the painter Arshile Gorky: in his life and in his work Burle Marx, too, lives “relentlessly forward” and uses his experience to anticipate “events to come peculiar to artists, gamblers and prophets” □

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SUMMER FRUITS

Polly Tyrer welcomes the
bounty of warmer
days. Photographs by
Linda Burgess.



English summers have a reputation for unreliable weather. One of the more certain pleasures is the abundance of soft fruits whose season is heralded by the arrival of the first cherries, followed by peaches, currants and berries. Plums, gages and damsons linger into late summer, when the first blackberries can be found ripening in the hedgerows. At this time of year the sight of the green-grocer's shelves, full to overflowing with glowing, rainbow-coloured fruits, imbues one with a healthy desire to fill the fridge and the fruit bowl.

Of the summer fruit on sale, the British produce, having been allowed more time to ripen before being picked, possesses flesh of a succulence that is difficult to find in imported fruit. Its lusciousness is best appreciated when the fruit is in its natural state, with flavour and fragrance unembellished. Save bruised, overripe or underripe items for pies, puddings, ice-creams and sorbets.

Fresh fruit salads, whether multi-

coloured or made on a particular theme green, yellow, or a mixture of black fruits (which has a particularly sensuous quality)—need just a smattering of sugar and a light dressing of fruit juice or white wine to moisten them, which gives a fresher taste than a sugar syrup. Or toss the berries in a dash of champagne, Beaujolais or a liqueur and a little sugar, then chill for at least one hour during which they will produce their own alcoholic syrup. Serve with double or clotted cream, or such lower-fat alternatives as Greek yoghurt or *fromage frais*.

Herb creams make a delicious change. Keep a sprig of rosemary or bay in caster sugar for a couple of weeks and use a little of it to sweeten cream, *crème fraîche* or yoghurt. Spiced yoghurt, another refreshing concoction, is made in the same way, by flavouring sugar with a little ground cardamom. A mixture of sweetened, whipped cream and sieved cottage cheese can be served like a fondue in which to dip chunks of fresh fruit.

Because of their texture and juicy nature nearly all berries can be whizzed

into purées using a liquidiser or food processor. Those with pips, such as raspberries or blackberries, will then need straining. Sweeten purées with sifted icing sugar, sharpen up the taste with a squeeze of lemon juice and use them as sauces to pour over ice-cream or desserts.

Arranged fruit salads make a pretty summer treat. Make a lake of strawberry or raspberry purée on a dessert plate, arrange an assortment of fruit on top and decorate with a sprig of mint. Instead of purée alone, the base can be half purée and half cream, or half *fromage frais*. Turn a fruit salad into a compote by making a purée of berries, dressing other chopped fruit in it and chilling well before serving.

Summer pudding, despite the inclusion of such an unpromising ingredient as stale bread, is one of the great British desserts and can be made of any combination of fruit. However, always include blackcurrants or redcurrants—their sharpness is essential to the flavouring. Adding a thinly-sliced apple ensures that the dish sets and stays “pudding” shaped when turned out.

A GUIDE TO FAIR-WEATHER FAVOURITES



SIMPLE SORBETS AND SALADS MAKE
PRETTY SUMMER TREATS

BERRIES AND CURRANTS

Wild or cultivated, summer berries somehow have a feel of the open fields and hedgerows. They are delicate and spoil quickly, so should be used within a day of buying. Check underneath punnets for mould, staining and wetness—putting good ones on top is an old trick. Never wash or prepare until just before using. If picking wild berries, avoid those growing along busy roads as they will be impregnated with dust and fumes. Take small containers to gather them in—fruit at the bottom of a large bag or basket is bound to be squashed.

BLACKBERRY

The cultivated version is bigger and glossier than the wild and may be kept a little longer. On sale or ripe for picking in September, blackberries have a sour taste unless very soft and combine well with apple, giving a good balance of sharp and mellow for tarts, pies and jellies.

BLUEBERRY

This fruit is strongly associated with the USA. The spherical, almost marble-sized berries are a deep purply-blue with a silver bloom, cultivated versions being twice the size of wild ones. The raw fruit has little taste but develops a perfumed, fragrant flavour when lightly cooked.

Available in supermarkets and good greengrocers throughout the summer.

CURRANT

The fruit of this family comes in black, red or white varieties and should be firm and glossy. The leaves of blackcurrant can be used to flavour sorbets or tisanes. The blackcurrant itself, rich in Vitamin C, makes flavoursome puddings, jams and jellies, and imparts a useful kick when mixed with other fruits. Redcurrants are most often associated with jelly, yet trailing clusters of this glowing, ruby-coloured fruit make delicate food decorations. Translucent white currants, less acid, can be eaten fresh as well as turned into jelly to serve with meat. Use a fork to strip any type of currants from their stalks. Available in July and August.

GOOSEBERRY

Traditional English fare, this fruit is available throughout the summer. It comes in all sorts: hairy, smooth, sweet, acid, round, long, yellow, green or pink. The large, yellow, sweet ones can be eaten alone but most are sour and need a good deal of sweetening even when cooked. Gooseberries make wonderful puddings and pies, or a sauce for mackerel. Use a pair of scissors or a sharp knife to top and tail.

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LOGANBERRY

A natural cross between the raspberry and the blackberry, the loganberry is larger and sharper than a raspberry and is best used cooked. Hull the fruit before serving—leaving the white plug inside to be eaten—and add plenty of sugar. Available in late June and July.

MULBERRY

The leaves of these gnarled trees—which were much cultivated in England during the 16th century—are the staple diet of silkworms. The dark purple, raspberry-like berries have a musty flavour that is good in ice-cream, sorbet or summer pudding. If presented with mulberries, beware the juice, which leaves a persistent stain.

RASPBERRY

This is a particularly exquisite berry, especially those grown in Scotland. The best have a short season around the beginning of July, lasting little more than two or three weeks. A second, sharper-flavoured crop appears in autumn. Raspberries are sold ready hulled and are particularly fragile, so should be eaten on the day they are purchased. Their pervasive flavour ensures that even a few added to a fruit salad will make their mark—a mix of raspberries and seedless grapes is particularly good.

STRAWBERRY

Having a flavour synonymous with English summer-time, the strawberry is a vital component of garden parties and such events as Wimbledon and Henley. Although imported fruit is available all year round, when it comes to taste, few foreign berries can stand comparison with the plump, glossy English varieties that reach the shops in June. It is ironic that size should have become their marketing criterion since the berries lose flavour as they grow larger. Less-than-perfect strawberries may be used for gâteaux, pavlovas, flans, ice-creams and mousses, and for jam-making. With their green stalks left on, whole strawberries add a bright, decorative touch to many dishes, otherwise hull the fruit only just before serving to help retain the juice.

The *fraise des bois* or alpine strawberry has an intense, sweet flavour, making this tiny woodland berry the best of all. Serve on its own or use for decoration. Some varieties of alpine strawberry remain white even when they are fully ripe.

STONE FRUITS

These have a pulpy flesh and thin skin. Ripe fruit, which will give under a little pressure, will feel heavy and should be stored in a refrigerator. Most underripe fruit will ripen at room temperature.

APRICOT

Native to China, this fruit has been grown in England since Henry VIII's gardener introduced it from Italy in the 16th century. Picked just ripe, apricots are well-coloured and perfect to eat. Underripe ones will not ripen for eating; those picked overripe are mealy in texture. Both are best used for cooking. Apricots, in season throughout July and August, have the added bonus of a delicious almond-flavoured kernel inside their stones—after simmering the stones for about 10 minutes, whack each with a rolling-pin to crack the brown shell and reveal the shiny, white “nut” inside. Scatter on top of apricot desserts or fruit salads.

CHERRY

Among numerous varieties are the hard, crisp “bigarreaus”, and the sweeter and softer *guignes*. Today, however, with so many hybrids on the market, the distinction has become blurred. Use sweet, black and juicy fruit for the classic *clafoutis* or cherry flan of France; dark, acid morellos for cooking and jam-making. The sweet-sour flavour also blends well with pork, game or poultry. Cherries for eating, which can be black, red, or yellow with a rosy blush, will keep in a refrigerator for two or three days. Home-grown cherries appear from early June to July.

NECTARINE

This is not, as is often thought, a peach hybrid. Nectarines are smooth-skinned, smaller and less juicy, but often chosen for eating raw by those who dislike the furry quality of peach skin. The fruit is used in the same way as a peach and has the same English season.

PEACH

Another native of China, the peach tree has been grown in Britain since the Norman conquest. Its fruits can be white- or yellow-fleshed, free-stone or clingstone (referring to the ease with which the stone can be removed), and are at their best bought ripe, during July and August, for immediate eating. The white variety is ambrosial, and can grow larger than a tennis-ball without any loss of



There is a variety of cherry to suit every purpose: sweet and juicy for clafoutis, acid for jam-making.



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succulence. It is a pity to mess around with this fruit. At most, peel (made easier by dunking the peaches in hot water for 1 minute, then immediately into cold), halve and fill each hollow with praline cream. Poaching peaches or apricots can be tricky; both overcook easily, and if undercooked will turn brown. The only way is to make sure there is enough sugar syrup to cover the fruit completely, and when almost simmering turn the heat right down so that the liquid is only just agitating a little.

PLUM

Dessert plums are large, juicy and sweet – most notable is the pink-skinned Victoria. Choose ones that are firm and have a good bloom. Cooking varieties, smaller and sharper in taste, include damsons, which are perfectly flavoured for pies, jams, and sauces to accompany meat. Imported plums, available all year round, can be useful for cooking. Greengages, delicate, fragrant and juicy, are my favourite members of the plum family. Their green skin and gold flesh look pretty in any fruit salad, and they taste just as good when cooked. The English season for all plums is August and September.

LAMB STEAKS WITH REDCURRANT SAUCE

4 leg of lamb steaks ½ in/1 cm thick
grated rind and juice of 1 orange
1 tbsp olive oil
1 tbsp balsamic, raspberry or wine vinegar
4 allspice, crushed
a handful of fresh coriander, chopped
salt and ground black pepper
½ pt/150 ml chicken stock
extra oil for frying
1 tbsp redcurrant jelly
2 oz/50 g redcurrants
For decoration
sprigs of fresh coriander
redcurrants in bunches

Mix together 1 tablespoon of the orange juice, the orange rind, oil, vinegar, allspice and coriander and pour over the lamb steaks. Season with salt and freshly ground black pepper. Cover, refrigerate and leave to marinate for several hours or overnight.

Drain the meat from the marinade and pat dry with paper towel. Set the oven to 150°C/300°F/gas mark 2. Pour the remaining marinade into the stock and add the rest of the orange juice.

Put a film of oil into a heavy-based frying-pan, and when hot briskly fry the lamb steaks on both

sides until dark brown. When done they should give a little when pressed in the middle with the fingertips. Put the meat on a heated serving dish and keep warm in the oven.

Pour the stock and juice into the hot pan, stirring and scraping away the sediment from the bottom. Boil until reduced by half. Add the redcurrant jelly and continue to boil until shiny and syrupy. Add the redcurrants and boil for a further minute. Check the seasoning.

Pour the sauce over the steaks and decorate with clusters of redcurrants and sprigs of coriander.

STRAWBERRY SALAD WITH GRILLED PEPPER BRIE
8 oz/225 g strawberries
1 tbsp balsamic vinegar
1 tbsp walnut or hazelnut oil
salt and ground black pepper
lamb's lettuce, frisée or baby cos lettuce, washed
4 oz/100 g peppered Brie cheese

Hull the strawberries and cut into halves or quarters if large. Spoon over the vinegar and oil and season with black pepper. Cover and marinate at least one hour.

Heat the grill to the highest temperature. Brush a small baking tray with a little oil. Slice the Brie horizontally into four triangles and set on the greased tray, dribbling more oil on top.

Put a handful of lettuce and a helping of strawberry salad onto four dessert-sized plates. Grill the Brie for a few minutes until runny then spoon it onto the lettuce and salad. Serve immediately.

BLUEBERRY ROULADE
For the roulade
4 eggs, separated
rind and juice of 2 lemons
4 oz/100 g caster sugar
1 ½ oz/40 g plain flour
For the filling
10 oz/275 g blueberries
4 oz/100 g caster sugar
4 tbsp water
½ pt/275 ml double cream, whipped
extra caster sugar
a little oil

Set the oven to 180°C/350°F/gas mark 4. Line a 12-inch by 14-inch (30 cm by 35 cm) tin with baking parchment and brush with oil.

To make the roulade; put the egg yolks into a bowl with the lemon rind, juice and the sugar. Whisk over a pan of simmering water until pale and thick. Remove from heat. Sift the flour, then sift it again on top of the egg mixture and carefully fold in with a spatula. Whisk egg whites

until stiff but not dry, and fold them in too. Pour into prepared tin and bake for 20 minutes, or until just firm when pressed with the fingertips. Cool in tin.

To make the filling, put the blueberries into a pan with the sugar and water. Bring slowly to the boil and simmer for one minute. Strain the blueberries, reserving the juice, and leave to cool.

Fold the blueberries into the double cream and sweeten with a little caster sugar. Put a sheet of greaseproof paper onto the worktop and dust with caster sugar. Turn the roulade onto the paper and carefully peel the baking parchment from the back. Spread the blueberry cream over the roulade and roll up gradually with the help of the greaseproof paper. Ease onto a serving dish. Hand reserved juice separately.



SUMMER PUDDING

6 slices of stale white bread, crusts removed
2 lb/1 kg assorted blackcurrants, redcurrants and other summer berries
1 dessert apple, peeled and finely sliced
2 tbsp water
6 oz/175 g caster sugar
To serve
double cream, Greek yoghurt
or crème fraîche

Start one day in advance. Lightly grease a pudding basin and line it with the bread, cutting a neat circle to fit the base and saving one slice of bread for the lid.

Put all the fruit into a pan with the sugar and water, bring slowly to the boil and simmer gently for a few minutes. Taste and add more sugar if necessary. Spoon the hot fruit and as much juice as possible into the basin. Place the bread lid on top. Stand the basin on a plate, cover it with a saucer small enough to be pressed down onto the pudding and put a 2 lb (1 kg) weight on top of that. Refrigerate overnight.

To serve, remove the weight and the saucer. Save any juices that have spilled over. Run a palette knife round the edge of the pudding, invert on a serving plate and give a good sharp shake to free the pudding. Serve with extra juice and plenty of double cream.

GREENGAGE AND ALMOND BRÛLÉE

8 oz/225 g greengages
5 oz/150 g caster sugar
1 egg
3 egg yolks
1 tsp cornflour
½ pt/150 ml single cream
½ pt/150 ml double cream
1 oz/25 g ground almonds
a few drops of almond essence

Heat oven to 180°C/350°F/gas mark 4. Halve and stone greengages and arrange in an oven-proof dish, skin side down in one layer. Sprinkle over 1 oz sugar.

In a basin, mix together the egg, yolks, 2 oz sugar and cornflour. Put the cream into a pan and heat until scalding, pour over the egg mixture, stirring all the time. Return the mixture to the pan and continue to cook gently until it coats the back of a wooden spoon. Too much heat may cause the eggs to scramble. Cool a little and mix in the ground almonds and almond essence. Pour over the gages.

Set the dish in a roasting tin half filled with boiling water and bake for 12 minutes. Allow to cool taking care not to break the skin that will have formed on top. Refrigerate overnight.

The next day heat the grill to its highest temperature. Sprinkle a layer of sugar over the top of the custard and grill until melted and caramelised. Cool before serving.

GOOSEBERRY AND BEAUMES-DE-VEISE SORBET

2 lb/1 kg gooseberries
½ pt/275 ml water
8 oz/225 g caster sugar
½ pt/275 ml Muscat de Beaumes-de-Venise
To decorate
sprig of elderflower or mint

Put the gooseberries into a pan with the water and sugar. Cook gently until sugar is dissolved and gooseberries are soft and pulpy.

Douse a new J-cloth in boiling water and use to line a sieve. Press as much juice as possible out of the gooseberries then tie the J-cloth up and suspend above the bowl to allow the remaining juice to drip out. When cold add the Beaumes-de-Venise.

Freeze the mixture either until almost solid, whereupon break it into pieces, whizz them in a food processor until smooth and white and then re-freeze; or freeze in a shallow tray, beating with a whisk every few hours until smooth. Decorate with a sprig of elderflower or mint.

All recipes serve four □

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TRAVEL SECRETS

The Hungarian capital is a mixture of the astonishingly old and the unexpectedly modern.

● **Castle Hill.** First on every visitor's itinerary. Curiosities to watch out for include the equestrian statue of daredevil hussar András Hadik. The horse's testicles are polished bright from being touched for good luck by generations of students from the city's engineering college on the morning of difficult exams. Cannonballs dot the wall of the Military History Museum, left over from the 1848-49 uprising.

● **Royal Palace.** Also on Castle Hill. The north wing, once the home of the Museum of the Working-class Movement, now houses modern paintings donated by German chocolate baron Peter Ludwig. The central section of the palace is the Hungarian National Gallery, well worth exploring as it traces the country's history. Magnificent Gothic altarpieces, heavy with gold, on the ground floor, through to paintings from the present century at the top. The more modern works evoke *honfibú*, which translates from Hungarian as "patriotic sorrow", a feeling of sadness for the country's troubled past.

● **Thermae Maiores.** Military baths of the Roman garrison of Aquincum in north Buda, opposite the northern tip of Margaret Island. They were discovered by chance in the early 1980s when Árpád bridge was being widened. To atone for the destruction of nearby old Óbuda, the authorities turned the site into an unexpectedly large and well-documented open-air museum which nestles under the flyover carrying the main road out towards Szentendre. Few visitors are aware of it—and even fewer locals!

● **The Houses of Parliament.** "No more than a Turkish bath crossed with a Gothic chapel," sniffed the late poet Gyula Illyés about the massive Parliament building dominating the Pest bank of the Danube. Built between 1885 and 1902, it has a neo-Gothic exterior and an interior that some find dazzling or even gaudy. Recent changes include the



The flamboyant Parliament building dominates the Danube.

removal of an illuminated red star from the central cupola. Towards the end of the Communist regime, Parliament used to meet for only four days a year; now the building is regularly filled with the sound of loud, Italian-style politicking. A limited number of guided tours is available: information from Budapest Tourist on 137-2493 or 137-3493, or from the Parliament building itself on 112-0600.

● **Sipos Halászkert.** Open-air restaurant, redolent of old Budapest, whose name translates literally as "fish garden". Original 1930s décor with later additions: an exuberant jumble of colour and materials. Famous for its fish dishes. Popular with elderly locals, but the presence of a gypsy band indicates that foreigners are welcome, too. (III, Lajos utca 46. Tel: 168-6480. Open daily, noon to midnight.)

● **Vajdahunyad Castle.** Extraordinary assemblage of fairy-tale towers and turrets on an island in Városliget (City Park), east of Heroes' Square. Modelled on a Transylvanian castle of the same name, the original wooden copy was made for the 1896 Millennial Exhibition, but was so popular that it was rebuilt in stone. Houses the Agricultural Museum. In winter the surrounding lake is turned into an enormous ice rink. (XIV, Városliget.)

● **Interesting interiors.** Many a grand Budapest building houses even more flamboyant sights within. Peer inside open doors and you might stumble on the unexpected: splendid courtyards, turn-of-the-century stained glass, grand staircases, paintings. At Apáczai Csere János utca, just behind the Intercontinental Hotel, each building has its own surprise. Inside No 3 stands Persephoneia, a half-naked beauty in marble, attempting to cover one breast with a bunch of flowers. She dates from 1908. Nos 5 and 7 also contain fine ornaments and statuary.



BUDAPEST

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BAKER KATZ



Hamburgers have arrived in the Nyugati railway station.

● **Franz Liszt Music Academy.** An Art Nouveau gem near the Oktogon Square. Its 300 music students constantly come and go, so step inside and explore. View the great mural *The Spring of Arts* from the second floor and peep into the main hall where concerts are held. Even the graffiti that decorate the men's lavatory are suitably cultured. (VI, Liszt Ferenc tér 8.)

● **Velvart Bicycle Shop.** Nándor Velvart, champion cyclist in the 1920s, won several international races. His close friend, Mr Szalai, runs this shop. Old photos, drawings and newspapers cover the window; the workshop is a fine example of poetic disorder. (VII, Wessenlányi utca 56.)

● **Fast Food.** McDonald's has transformed the gigantic restaurant at Gustave Eiffel's Nyugati railway station (Orient-Express departure point) into a glittering hamburger palace. The high-ceilinged hall dates from 1877. A 15-minute walk down Teréz körút leads to the world's largest Burger King, with a huge mural painted in 1962 by László Lakner. Fast food in Budapest stands for quality and efficiency. (VI, Teréz körút 55 and Oktogon tér.)

● **Na-Ne Gallery.** Modern Hungarian art in an unlikely neighbourhood. The building itself is worth seeing: an avant-garde jungle of corroded iron beams. Electronic music plays in the background. Set up in the late 1980s by a former dissident who is now a Member of Parliament. (IX, Lónyay utca 41.)

● **Blue Telephones.** Private telephones in Budapest are rare; public ones used to be even rarer (and then invariably vandalised). New post-office executives, picked by Hungary's first democratically-elected government, scoured the world for vandal proof equipment and found it in South Africa. Now

installed throughout the capital, these telephones, known as Telkor, incorporate screens that offer instructions in Hungarian and English. A central computer is alerted whenever one goes out of order. You can call (or receive calls from) abroad.

● **Alfa Romeo Showroom.** In 1991 the average age of cars in Budapest was nine years, but it is falling fast—the new middle class is crazy about the latest prestige models. The arrival of this brand is symbolic of a new way of life “in the fast lane”. At the corner of two streets, one the narrowest in Pest. (V, Cukor utca 5.)

● **Café Society.** Among Budapest's many atmospheric cafés are the Művész, opposite the opera house, for fancy pastries beneath the chandeliers, and Lukács, where the ground floor is 1930s elegance and the upstairs baroque splendour (former haunt of the secret police, whose much-feared headquarters were next door). Both cafés are located in VI, Andrassy út, at Nos 29 and 70 respectively.

● **Perity Confectioners.** Previously state-owned, this remarkably ostentatious café is breathtakingly over-the-top. Marble and mirrors everywhere, golden cornucopia, plastic crucifix, Corinthian columns, television screens showing MTV. Delicious, if excessively sugary, cakes. (VI, Andrassy út 37.)

● **The 5,000 Forint Note.** Everyone is laughing at this new banknote (worth about £38), a response to Hungary's burgeoning inflation rate. It features 19th-century seminal thinker and reformer Count Széchenyi and his Academy of Letters and Sciences. Unfortunately, the etching of the building must have been based on a photograph taken in the 1980s. Look hard and you can just make out tiny Ladas and Skodas parked outside.

● **Gundel Restaurant.** This celebrated eating-place in Városliget (City Park), dating from 1894, re-opens in June, 1992, after major refurbishment. First-class cuisine, including the famous Gundel pancake—a nut, raisin, chocolate and cream confection. Splendid décor, featuring *fin-de-siècle* Hungarian oil paintings hung on the Spanish rosewood panelling. (XIV, Állatkerti körút 2. Tel: 122-1002.)

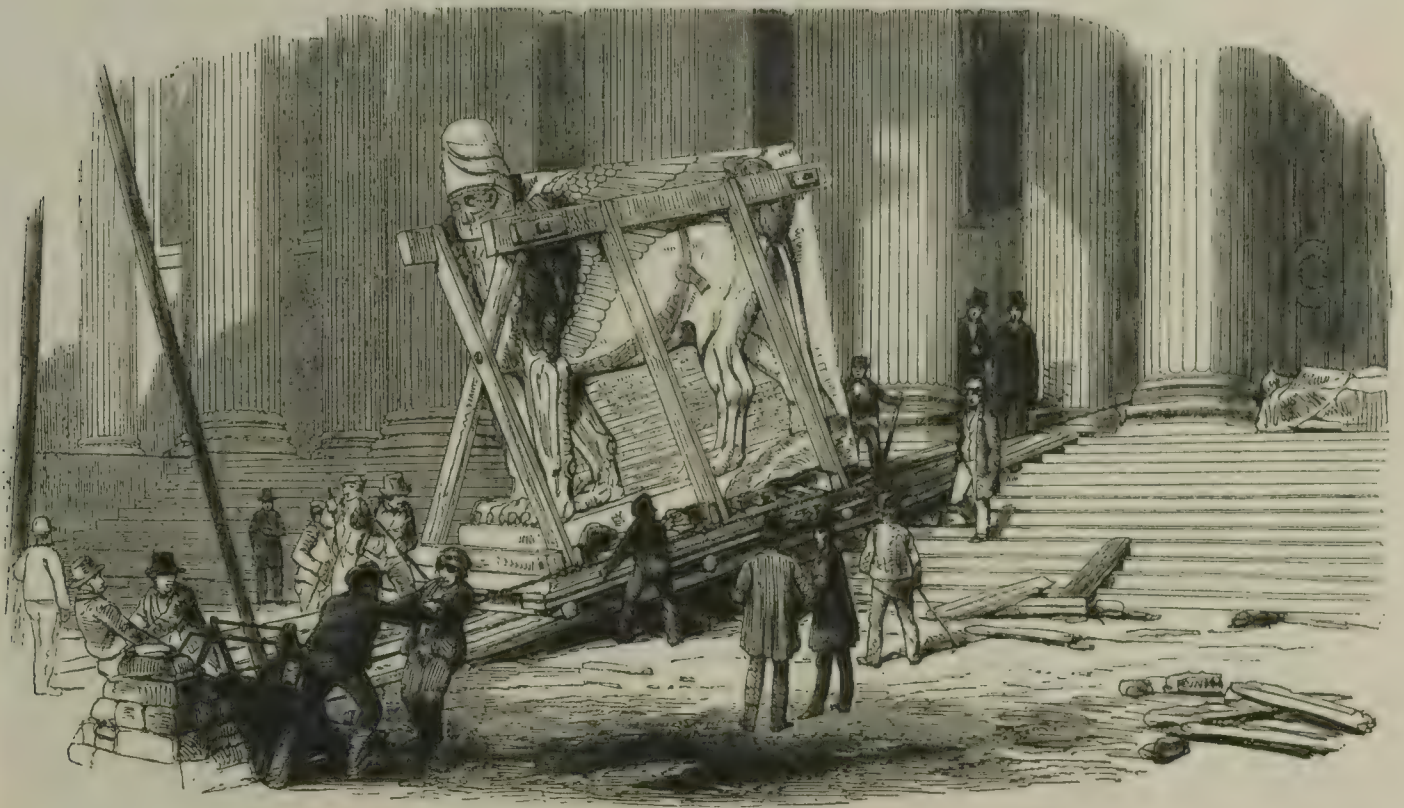
● **New Street Names.** On around 600 street corners there are pairs of street signs, one crossed through in red dating from the Communist era, the “new” one the original name now reinstated. Thus “November 7 Square” is once again called “Oktogon”, and the new names have been used throughout this guide. An up-to-date, large-scale street plan, indispensable to visitors, is obtainable from the Tourinform office at Sütő utca 2—a tiny street off the southern corner of Deák tér that is not easy to find without a map! Ask for directions in nearby Váci utca, the capital's smartest shopping street.

□ Compiled by András Török.



NIMRUD: ANCIENT AND MODERN

John Curtis, one of the directors of a recent British Museum expedition to Nimrud, provides an update on discoveries that shed new light on life in this ancient city.



On June 26, 1847, *The Illustrated London News* carried its first report of the remarkable discoveries made by Austen Henry Layard at the ancient Assyrian city of Nimrud, in Mesopotamia. Layard had arrived in Assyria practically by chance. He started life as a solicitor's articled clerk in the office of his uncle Benjamin Austen, in Gray's Inn, in London, but a life in the law held few attractions for his adventurous spirit, and when the opportunity arose to travel overland to India he jumped at it. He left London in 1839 and had his first view of Nimrud, a desolate ruin on the banks of the River Tigris, some 25 miles south of Mosul, in

April, 1840. However, it was more than five years before he was able to begin the work that was to make his name.

With financial assistance from Stratford Canning, the British Ambassador in Istanbul, and practical help from half a dozen local men, Layard started digging on November 9, 1845. He was then a youthful 28. On the very first day they uncovered a chamber lined with inscribed stone slabs in the North-West Palace of King Ashurnasirpal II (883-859BC) and went on to find rooms lined with stone bas-reliefs showing the king participating in official and religious ceremonies, hunting lions and on campaign with his army. Some of the doorways were flanked by massive stone figures of bulls or lions with human heads, many of which were placed in the British

One of the stone figures found by Austen Henry Layard in the ruins of Nimrud. The Illustrated London News recorded their arrival at the British Museum in 1852.

Museum. He also discovered decorated ivory plaques, bronze furniture pieces, cuneiform tablets, and bronze bowls from Syria and Phoenicia with beautiful embossed and chased decoration.

Layard left Mesopotamia in 1851, never to return. He was now a public figure and was several times appointed under-secretary for foreign affairs, but was never able to repeat the success he had enjoyed at Nimrud. His mantle was taken over for brief periods by Hormuzd Rassam, William Kennet Loftus and George Smith. But it was not until 1949, when the excavations

were reopened by Max Mallowan on behalf of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq, that Nimrud became a focus of attention once more. The British School team worked there until 1963, latterly under the direction of David Oates. Among its spectacular finds were finely carved ivories, outstanding among them a woman's head known as the "Mona Lisa" and a comparable one, far inferior in aesthetic quality, dubbed the "Ugly Sister". Two ivory plaques, each originally with a thin veneer of gold leaf, show a lioness mauling a prostrate African in a papyrus thicket. Other buildings on the citadel mound provided a wealth of information about Assyrian history and culture.

Mallowan's excavations shed much light on the sequence of occupation at Nimrud. We now

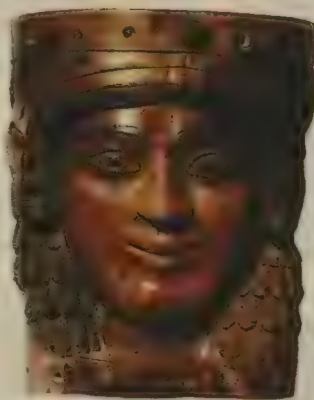
know that the site was occupied from at least c 3000bc onwards and became a flourishing town in the Middle Assyrian period at the end of the second millennium bc. Ashurnasirpal II selected it as his capital in succession to Ashur, some 45 miles to the south, which was the signal for a massive building programme to begin.

His successor, Shalmaneser III (858-824bc), built a splendid palace of his own, now known as Fort Shalmaneser, away from the citadel in the outer town. This building was a military arsenal, combining the functions of a royal residence and a vast military store for men and equipment. Nimrud remained the capital until Sargon II (721-705bc) moved to Khorsabad. After his reign, Nineveh became the main residence and administrative capital of the Assyrian kings, although Esarhaddon (680-669bc) undertook some building work at Nimrud and may have been intending to return there. In the years 614-612bc Nimrud, together with the other major Assyrian centres, was destroyed by the Medes and the Babylonians.

In the last five years of its programme at Nimrud the British School concentrated its efforts on Fort Shalmaneser and produced a plan of the whole building, although not all the rooms were excavated. Many of the magazines were found to be full of valuable material, particularly ivories, but pride of place probably goes to Shalmaneser III's throne dais, incorporating sculptured scenes around the edge showing the king receiving tribute from neighbouring states.

Since 1963 several teams have excavated at Nimrud, including from autumn, 1989, an expedition from the British Museum, directed by the present writer and Dominique Collon. Because the primary purpose of this expedition was not to acquire material for the collections, but rather to answer long-standing questions about Nimrud, a single store-room Room T20, near the state apartments in Fort Shalmaneser - was selected for excavation. The intention was to try and discover more about the history of the complex, and particularly about the different building operations and its destruction in 614-612bc.

Room T20 measures about 18 metres by 4.5 metres, with the mud-brick walls preserved to a height of between 4 and 5 metres. The surviving height of the walls presented problems during heavy



Top, the earliest floor of Room T20, the centre for the British Museum's study. Above, the "Mona Lisa", an ivory mask found by Max Mallowan's expedition. Above right, a huge ziggurat dominates the citadel at Nimrud.



rain when they became dangerously undermined and partially collapsed, fortunately without causing injury. We managed to empty out more than half of the deposit in this large room, and the original floor, dating from the time of Shalmaneser III, has been reached in about one-third of the area. Above this was a shallow deposit, up to 10 centimetres thick, containing a wealth of small objects, such as a bronze blinker ornament for a horse, more than 150 small bronze

bosses for fixing on to leather harness, bronze and iron armour scales, and some small blue glass plaques with inlaid flowers in the centre. These items had simply been abandoned when a new white plaster floor had been laid over the deposit at the bottom of the room, probably during reconstruction by Esarhaddon.

Above the white plaster floor, which remained in use until Nimrud was sacked in 614-612bc, were collapsed debris and signs of a fierce fire. The walls, of mud brick faced with mud plaster, had been burnt bright orange in places, and burnt roof beams and the tops of the walls had fallen down into the room. A stone roller that had been on top of the mud roof had fallen down when the roof collapsed. Mixed in with this debris were small items including an iron dagger, faience

beads, bone plaques, three large pottery storage jars, one with rosette stamps on the shoulder, an ivory plaque carved in low relief and a large number of bronze holdfasts that had originally been fixed into the walls.

The outstanding discovery in Room T20 is of more than 100 pieces of polychrome glazed brick that belonged to a large decorative panel. This panel may have been set up above a doorway in a neighbouring courtyard and probably fell into the room when the walls collapsed. Only a small part of the panel has been recovered so far, but already it can be seen that it bears a cuneiform inscription of Shalmaneser III, with floral and geometric motifs and part of a winged disc. The multi-coloured designs are in white, ochre, green, blue and possibly black. This decoration is



Left, a stone bas-relief of a benevolent, winged genie still in position in the North-West Palace at Nimrud. Finds from Room T20 at Fort Shalmaneser include a bronze blinker ornament, right, and small bronze bosses, below left, used to decorate horse harness. The pottery ram's-head drinking cup, below, comes from a house on the edge of the ancient city.



confined to the parts of the bricks that are visible when they are laid, that is the front sides. On the tops of the bricks, and therefore invisible where they were built into a panel, are two kinds of fitters' marks, presumably showing the builder the order in which the bricks had to be laid. First, there were signs written in black paint from the Aramaic alphabet, seven letters of which have so far been identified. This discovery is particularly important because the association of the Aramaic letters with the cuneiform inscription of Shalmaneser III dates them to the 9th century BC—the earliest datable usage of Aramaic in Assyria by 150 years. It is possible that the Aramaic signs were added later than the cuneiform, but unlikely. Alongside the Aramaic letters are pictograms in white paint showing various

motifs such as a plough, a human face, a mace and a door, the precise significance of which is not yet clear. Sadly, the work of the British Museum team at Nimrud has been interrupted by the present political situation.

Since 1959 the Iraqi Department of Antiquities has been restoring the North-West Palace and further excavation work there was carried out under the overall supervision of Dr Muayyad Damerji. This led to some remarkable discoveries, made in 1988-89 by Muzahim Mahmud, from three tombs in what seems to have been the harem wing, in the south part of the North-West Palace. All the burials are of high-ranking women and were below the floors of rooms, in subterranean chambers with barrel-vaulted roofs. In the first tomb the skeletal

remains were in a pottery sarcophagus sunk into the floor of Room MM (a room previously cleared by Mallowan) with a rich collection of gold jewellery, including a gold fibula and chain attached to a stamp seal set in a gold mount.

The second tomb was below the floor of a previously unexcavated room. Outside the tomb chamber was a stone slab with a long inscription of Yabâ—apparently a queen, or "palace woman", of Tiglath-Pileser III (744-727BC)—invoking curses on anyone who disturbed her tomb. In the chamber itself was a plain rectangular stone coffin sealed with a stone slab, containing the remains of at least two bodies, with a vast array of grave goods. These included gold objects weighing about 14 kilograms, some remains of textiles, four gold bowls and one of rock-crystal. Inscriptions on these bowls mention, in addition to Yabâ, Baniti, who was a queen of Shalmaneser V (726-722BC), and Atalia, a queen of Sargon II. Altogether there are more than 80 gold earrings, many with elaborate clusters of pendants, and nearly 90 necklaces, mostly incorporating gold beads. Particularly spectacular is a Phoenician-style gold bowl showing boats in a papyrus thicket (see *The Illustrated London News*, Autumn 1990).

The third tomb is the most

sumptuous found to date. Inscriptions record that it was originally the grave of Mulissu-Mukannišat-Ninua, a queen of Ashurnasirpal II. In the antechamber, on either side of an arched doorway leading to the main tomb chamber, there were three bronze coffins. In them were found badly preserved bones and an astonishing variety of grave goods, including 23 kilograms of gold objects. Textiles were also found, provisionally identified as light, finely woven linen and possibly wool. From the antechamber an arched entrance led through to the tomb chamber itself. Inside was a very large empty stone sarcophagus. The goldwork in this tomb included an outstanding crown in the form of a domed open-work hat. A wide band at the base is decorated with rows of rosettes and pomegranates. Above this a series of winged genie figures support the top of the hat which consists of vine leaves and bunches of grapes. The burials in the bronze coffins are clearly secondary, probably dating from the late eighth century BC, but some of the material might derive from the original grave.

Just before the start of the recent war a fourth tomb was reported to have been found, containing pottery and silver but no gold. Doubtless there are still more awaiting discovery □

REVIEWS

THEATRE/SHERIDAN MORLEY WILDE MANNERS

A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE

Theatre Royal, Haymarket

DÉJÀVU

Comedy Theatre

F

inally reaching the West End fully nine months after it was first seen at the Barbican, following a lengthy regional tour, Philip Prowse's RSC debut production is Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance*, the play with which this director scored a considerable success at his home base, the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre eight years ago.

In a lavishly gold-leafed setting (also designed by Prowse), some of his original ideas recur: a ghostly croquet-player, hovering around the aristocratic old ladies on the lawn at the outset, could well be the shade of Lord Alfred Douglas, for love of whom Wilde was so soon to go to prison, and elsewhere the production is as markedly end-of-an-era as any revival of *The Cherry Orchard*.

The "woman" of the title is Mrs Arbuthnot here played by Carol Royle, once mistress to the politician Lord Illingworth but now discarded and forgotten until a handsome young man applies for the post of Illingworth's social secretary. The newcomer is their illegitimate son, a fact revealed to the politician by Mrs Arbuthnot only after the old bounder has attempted to steal his own son's fiancée, thereby setting up a whole new range of turn-of-the-century traumas.

The critic Max Beerbohm always thought this the best of Wilde, and believed that he would have made a greater dramatist had he continued in his Pinero style of stately-home melodrama. But central to the play is

its class warfare, and even Wilde seems to tire rapidly of the plot once he has managed to have Mrs Arbuthnot shriek, "Child of my shame, be still the child of my shame!" without inducing irreverent audience hysteria.

Prowse's production is superbly cast in its older reaches, with John Carlisle playing Illingworth as a first cousin to George Sanders, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt cascading from a great height as Lady Hunstanton.

The first act, as Wilde himself noted, achieves an odd kind of perfection in being totally devoid of any action. From then on, however, the pace hots up, and Prowse has brilliantly removed the play from the cold storage of its usual, icily elegant, revivals.

In current Hollywood parlance, *Déjàvu* is *Look Back in Anger II* or *The Return of Jimmy Porter*. Thirty-six years on John Osborne's old groaner is back with his long-suffering sidekick Cliff, the ever-ironing Alison (though now the daughter of his second marriage rather than his wife of his first), and a new Helena to be lusted after.

But this second time around, something has gone horribly wrong, and before we get to that we need to recall the original. Although *Look Back in Anger* was the catalyst for a drastic change in British theatre, it was never a great, nor even a very good, play, as revivals have shown.

Osborne did, however, go on to become a great playwright, with three subsequent works: *The Entertainer* (1957), *Luther* (1961) and *Inadmissible Evidence* (1964). What these plays had in common, apart from their author, was an impressive star turn from, respectively, Laurence Olivier, Albert Finney and Nicol



DONALD COOPER

John Carlisle: superbly cast as Lord Illingworth, at the Haymarket.

Williamson, each of whom gave the performance of his career.

And that brings us to the first problem with *Déjàvu*—its massive undercasting. Tony Palmer's pedestrian production has been able to attract only Peter Egan, an actor of immense efficiency but cool where he should be red-hot, and lacking the blazing-star charisma which Osborne has always needed.

Had Peter O'Toole not abandoned the script as unworkably long, had a dangerous star of the Richard Harris or Nicol Williamson variety agreed to take it on, it

is possible that this turgid, monotonous near-monologue could have been injected with the bravura it so urgently needs.

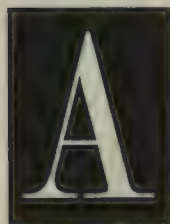
Osborne has never been very good at plots and here he seems to have abandoned the idea altogether so that, across the three hours, nothing happens very slowly. The rage of the prose is diametrically opposed to the lethargy of the action, so the impression is of four actors sitting around reading extracts from Osborne's collected journalism while waiting, as are we, for the start of a drama □

Beerbohm believed Wilde should have continued in the style of stately-home melodrama, but the theme here is class warfare.

CINEMA/GEORGE PERRY

FRESH HORIZON

FAR AND AWAY (12)
Empire 1



At first sight *Far and Away* (opening on July 31) seemed a vapid choice with which to close this year's Cannes Film Festival, but then it had opened with *Basic Instinct*. Unabashedly commercial, *Far and Away* is a romantic adventure, designed to show off its young stars, Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman (his wife in real life). They appeared less effectively together two years ago in the noisy, violent and unappealing *Days of Thunder*, which was set in the milieu of stock-car racing in the American south. Their new film abjures high-tech modernity; the action takes place a century ago in western Ireland, Boston and Oklahoma.

Here, then, is the creative cliché working at full stretch. The audience knows what to expect,

and gets it in abundance. Ireland in the early sequences seems more bleak, more weather-swept, more ruggedly beautiful than we have ever seen it. Huge seas crash against black rocks, thin green fields run to the steep cliff edge, their meagre crops farmed by impoverished tenants. At the very moment the hero's deceased father is being carried off for burial, the landlord's men are torching his cottage.

Cruise, armed with an ancient rifle, sets off to kill the aristocrat responsible, but instead runs away with his spirited daughter (Kidman) who has seized her chance to unhook the corset of Victorian gentility and sail to America where fabulous opportunities beckon. At first they make an odd couple, he illiterate and untravelled, she educated

and unused to poverty. They want to reach the Oklahoma Territory where the government has promised 160 acres for anyone prepared to settle. But they are trapped in the stews of Boston, a thief having stolen the silver spoons that were to fund her. They have to develop mutual sufficiency to survive, sharing a room in a lodging-house full of whores. But it is a chaste relationship; they pretend to be siblings, confining their natural urges to surreptitious peeps at each other at bedtime. To find such innocence in the cinema these days is refreshing.

Cruise begins to make money with his fists, taking on all comers for bets in a shady drinking club. But success is in the short term only; he is eventually beaten, ostracised and the pair nearly starve, then part. Do they make it to Oklahoma? Of course they do, because the climax of the film is the land rush in which, at the boom of a cannon, hundreds of pioneers on horseback, or driving

carts and even Conestoga wagons race across the uncultivated terrain to stake their claims. It is a spectacle made famous in *Tumbleweeds* with William S. Hart in 1925 and *Cimarron* with Richard Dix in 1931. In today's Panavision Super 70 it takes the breath away.

Director Ron Howard and his screenwriter, Bob Dolman, have seized an epic theme—the opening up of America by the immigrant hordes yearning for better than their former homelands could give them. But, rather than muse on the cultural significance, they use it as the peg for an entertaining, exciting and visually rich love story, the kind of thing at which Hollywood used to be rather good.

It is also a celebration of the vitality of Ireland, a reminder of just how much the New World owed to the feisty willpower and resilience of those who quit Erin's shores to subscribe to the American dream. Hollywood has always had high regard for the

The epic theme is used as a peg for the sort of exciting, visually rich love story at which Hollywood used to be good.

Land rush: Tom Cruise dashes to stake his claim in Far and Away.



Irish and their gifts to cinema: think of James Cagney and Gene Kelly, Victor McLaglen and Maureen O'Hara, even the most recent of ex-Presidents. Remember also that Orson Welles spent formative years learning stagecraft in Ireland, that John Huston chose to make his home there. The greatest of all the American evokers of the Old West was of course John Ford, born Sean Aloysius O'Feeney.

There is much in *Far and Away* that echoes the Fordian spirit: an unstoppable hero who is quick with his fists, a spunky heroine ready to break from her roots and start anew, a villain who may fight dirty but takes his eventual defeat with good grace. Howard, sometimes camera-in-cheek, captures the raw exhilaration, the rough-and-tumble of a young America, and gives us sudden vistas of astonishingly beautiful landscapes.

Cruise and Kidman are an attractive couple. He has grown solid and purposeful, shedding the cocksureness of *Top Gun* and *The Color of Money*, while she has the eager self-confidence of a young actress who has been awarded a dream part and knows what to do with it.

□ George Perry is Films Editor of *The Sunday Times*.



Diana Montague: strenuous physical involvement in the role of Iphigenia.

victims of the Trojan War: offered as a sacrifice to the gods by her father, then borne off to Tauris as priestess of Diana and forced to carry out human sacrifices.

Her story inspired Gluck to achieve the "beautiful simplicity" that was fundamental to his reforms, and to demonstrate that his music fulfilled its proper purpose "to serve the text". The austere restraint of his *Iphigénie en Tauride* contrasts with the complexity of the human dilemma facing Iphigenia when Orestes arrives in Tauris and the destructive intensity of the two characters' emotions. The uninterrupted flow of the music sweeps the action remorselessly to the brink of tragedy at a breathtaking pace, and Mackerras's passionately involved account of Gluck's sublime score infuses it with an immediacy and an appeal to contemporary taste that give the lie to its 200-odd years.

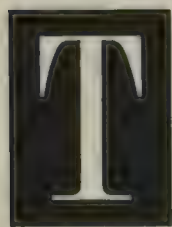
The Welsh National production is an all-French collaboration. Simplicity is the keynote of co-producers Patrice Caurier and Moshe Leiser's staging, which is devoid of all props save one chair, and is set by Christian Rätz within gaunt, grey, mobile walls bedaubed with graffiti. The costumes, by Etienne Couléon, updated by two centuries, are in shades of institutional grey; Iphigenia and her attendant priestesses go barefoot, while the leather trappings of Thoas and his followers signify their power and authority.

Caurier and Leiser insist that the visual element of their production is secondary to their direction of the singers, and they are triumphantly vindicated by the purposeful performances of the principles. Diana Montague sings the title role with total commitment to the emotional range of Gluck's music and to the not inconsiderable demands of the producers for strenuous physical involvement and taxing bodily postures. She is well supported by the Orestes of Simon Keenlyside, who is equally responsive to the direction and rises to the challenge of his solo in Act II, and the sympathetic Pylades of Peter Bronder. The staunch singing and acting of the chorus of priestesses is another feature of this rewarding production □

OPERA/MARGARET DAVIES

INFLUENTIAL MASTERPIECE

IPHIGÉNIE EN TAURIDE
Welsh National Opera



The story of the Trojan War is one of the richest sources in Western literature. The 20-year span of its many subplots and sequels, ranging from the abduction of Helen by Paris to the return of Odysseus from his decade of wandering, has inspired hundreds of operas. One of the greatest is Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride*, which Charles Mackerras has chosen to conduct for his farewell performances as music director of Welsh National Opera. Only occasionally staged here and even less frequently across the Channel, it is nevertheless a landmark work and the WNO production is a cogent

reminder of the score's musical power and dramatic depth.

Though lip service is paid to Gluck for his daring operatic reforms, the resulting works, that were to influence Mozart and every composer thereafter, are inexplicably neglected today. It was Gluck who put an end to the tyranny of the singer over the composer, who swept away the convention of the profusely ornamented *da capo* arias which held up the progress of the music, and who began writing for three-dimensional characters.

Rejecting the works of the poet Metastasio, who had held sway throughout the first half of the 18th century, Gluck turned to the Italian poet Calzabigi for the

libretto of *Orfeo ed Euridice*, the opera which launched him as a reformer. Their partnership continued with *Alceste* and *Paride ed Elena*, both of which were staged with success in Vienna. Gluck then turned his attention to French opera to try and gain a wider acceptance for his new, simplified style of composition.

The great French dramatist Jean Racine supplied him with the heroine of *Iphigénie en Aulide*, first of the operas with which he was to make his mark on the Parisian musical scene. *Iphigénie en Tauride* came directly from Euripides, himself an innovator in his exploration of feminine psychology. Daughter of Agamemnon, Iphigenia is one of the first

Charles Mackerras infuses Gluck's sublime score with an appeal to contemporary taste that gives the lie to its 200-odd years.

ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO SOME OF LONDON'S
MOST INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING EVENTS

BEST OF SUMMER

THEATRE

In *Columbus*, for the RSC, the American playwright Richard Nelson provides an unusual portrait of the great explorer. Canadian director Robert Lepage is sure to spring some surprises at the Olivier with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. London premières include *Someone Who'll Watch Over Me* from acclaimed Irish writer Frank McGuinness, & Sharman Macdonald's *Shades*.

Addresses & telephone numbers are given on the first occasion a theatre's entry appears.

The Alchemist. Sam Mendes's riotous Stratford production of the Jonson comedy. With David Bradley as Subtle. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican, EC2 (071-638 8891)*.

Angels in America. Tony Kushner's "gay fantasia on national themes" is by turns amusing, distressing & disgusting; not for the squeamish. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252)*.

As You Like It. Maria Aitken's Shakespearean directing début. With Cathryn Harrison as Rosalind & Oliver Parker as Orlando. Until Sept 8. *Open-Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (071-486 2431)*.

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. Nick Dear's version of Molière's farce with Timothy Spall as Monsieur Jourdain & Anita Dobson as his wife. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252)*.

Columbus. Richard Nelson's ironic epic drama shows the explorer as a totally inexperienced sea captain. Jonathan Hyde in the title role; John Caird directs. Opens July 22. *Barbican*.

Death & The Maiden. Powerful Chilean drama about guilt & revenge involves a confrontation between a woman & the doctor who tortured her 15 years earlier. With Michael Byrne, Paul Freeman & Geraldine James. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-836 5122)*.

Déjàvu. Peter Egan takes the role of Jimmy Porter in John Osborne's sequel to his 1956 drama *Look Back in Anger*. Comedy. *Panton St, SW1 (071-867 1045)*.

An Evening with Gary Lineker. Enjoyable comedy in which five friends follow the fortunes of England's World Cup football team from their Majorca hotel. *Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (071-494 5075)*.

Fuente Ovejuna. Declan Donnellan's production of Lope de Vega's play about a small town's revolt against a brutal overlord. With James Laurensen & Rachel Joyce. Until July 30. *Cottesloe, National Theatre*.

Grand Hotel. Tommy Tune's Tony Award-winning Broadway musical, based on the novel by Vicki Baum about a disparate collection of guests in a Berlin hotel in the 1930s. Opens July 6. *Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (071-580 9562)*.

Joseph & the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat. Camp, dated, but within its own confines a triumph. Phillip Schofield plays Joseph. *Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (071-494 5020)*.

Lady Be Good. Classic Gershwin musical for long summer evenings al fresco. With Bernard Cribbins. Joanna Riding & Simon Green. July 29-Sept 10. *Open-Air Theatre*.

The Madness of George III. Nicholas Hytner directs Alan Bennett's moving play about the king whose madness had a physical cause porphyria—which his doctors aggravated with harsh & incompetent attempts to cure. The play examines political implications as well as clinical details, & Nigel Hawthorne plays the tragic king with great force & subtlety. *Lyttelton, National Theatre*.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. The perennial summer favourite, with Dinsdale Landen as Bottom. Ian Talbot directs. Until Sept 12. *Open-Air Theatre*.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Controversial Canadian Robert Lepage directs a cast that includes Timothy Spall as Bottom. Opens July



Clare Holman and Michael Maloney in *Romeo and Juliet* at the Barbican.

9. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252)*.

Moby Dick. A camped-up musical in which an impoverished girls' school stages a musical version of the story, about Captain Ahab's pursuit of the whale, in the school's swimming-pool. *Piccadilly Theatre, Denman St, W1 (071-867 1118)*.

The Mother Tongue. Prunella Scales as a snobbish mother who moves in on her daughter, in Alan Franks's comedy of family revenge. Aug 3-Sept 5. *Greenwich Theatre, Groom's Hill, SE10 (081-858 7755)*.

Murder by Misadventure. Thriller, with Gerald Harper & William Gaunt as a pair of crime writers, each trying to do away with the other. Opens July 13. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (071-836 9987)*.

The Night of the Iguana. Tennessee Williams's tragi-comedy, set in a seedy Mexican hotel in 1940, in a gripping & evocative production by Richard Eyre. Alfred Molina confers a shambling pathos on the defrocked priest, Shannon, reduced by his promiscuity to conducting bus tours. But the performance is dominated by the intensity & stillness of Eileen Atkins's Hannah, a spinster artist, whose scenes with Shannon make compelling theatre. Until Aug 31. *Lyttelton, National Theatre*.

Pygmalion. It is refreshing to discover from this whole-hearted production, featuring Alan Howard as Higgins & Frances Barber as Eliza, that the musical has not killed off the play. All the Olivier's sophisticated stage equipment is deployed to keep things moving, though there is a point after Eliza's triumph at the ball when it seems that she is going to have to dance all night without words. In the end Shaw's words, with Barber's most convincing Eliza, come out on top. *Olivier, National Theatre*.

The Recruiting Officer. George Farquhar's 1706 comedy, directed by Nicholas Hytner. With Desmond Barrit, Alex Jennings & Suzanne Burden. *Olivier, National Theatre*.

The Rise & Fall of Little Voice. New play by Jim Cartwright, with Jane Horrocks as a young woman living life through old records, & Alison Steadman as her ambitious mother. *Cottesloe, National Theatre*.

Romeo & Juliet. David Leveaux directs Michael Maloney & Clare Holman. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican*.

Shades. Pauline Collins in a lyrical love story by Sharman Macdonald. Simon Callow directs. Opens July 15. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-867 1115)*.

Six Degrees of Separation. John Guare's play, a hit in New York, directed by Phyllida Lloyd. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (071-730 1745)*.

A Slip of the Tongue. John Malkovich in a play by Dusty Hughes about a dissident East European writer at the time of the 1989 revolution. Until Aug 8. *Shaftesbury Theatre, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (071-379 5399)*.

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me. Première of Frank McGuinness's latest play, with Alec McCowen, Stephen Rea & Hugh Quarshie. July 10-Aug 1. *Hampstead Theatre, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (071-722 9301)*.

The Sound of Music. Liz Robertson & Christopher Cazenove head the cast in the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical. Until Sept 5. *Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (071-278 8916)*.

Spread a Little Happiness. Sheridan Morley's anthology celebrating the songs of Vivian Ellis. *Whitehall Theatre, Whitehall, SW1 (071-867 1119)*.

The Virtuoso. Phyllida Lloyd's production of Shadwell's Restoration comedy. With Freddie Jones & Saskia Reeves. *The Pit, Barbican*.

A Woman Killed with Kindness. Thomas Heywood's domestic tragedy set in 17th-century Yorkshire. Cast includes Michael Maloney, Sylvester Le Touzel & Saskia Reeves; Katie Mitchell directs. *The Pit, Barbican*.

A Woman of No Importance. Philip Prowse's stylish, intelligent RSC début: Oscar Wilde's comedy of appalling parental manners,



High kicking in *Grand Hotel*. Jane March, passionate in *The Lover*. Tim Robbins, threatened in *The Player*. Danny De Vito among friends in *Batman Returns*.

exquisitely designed by its director. John Carlisle & Barbara Leigh-Hunt star. *Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1* (071-930 8800). See review p78.

RECOMMENDED LONGRUNNERS

Blood Brothers, Phoenix (071-867 1044); **Buddy**, Victoria Palace (071-834 1317); **Carmen Jones**, Old Vic (071-928 7616); **Cats**, New London (071-405 0072); **Dancing at Lughnasa**, Garrick (071-494 5085); **Five Guys Named Moe**, Lyric (071-494 5045); **Me & My Girl**, Adelphi (071-836 7611); **Les Misérables**, Palace (071-434 0909); **Miss Saigon**, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (071-494 5060); **The Mousetrap**, St Martin's (071-836 1443); **The Phantom of the Opera**, Her Majesty's (071-494 5400); **Return to the Forbidden Planet**, Cambridge (071-379 5299); **Starlight Express**, Apollo Victoria (071-828 8665); **The Woman in Black**, Fortune (071-836 2238).

OUTOFTOWN

RSC Season at Stratford. At the Royal Shakespeare Theatre: *The Taming of the Shrew*, with Anton Lesser & Amanda Harris. *As You Like It*, with Samantha Bond as Rosalind. *The Winter's Tale*, directed by Adrian Noble. At the Swan Theatre: *The Beggar's Opera*, with David Burt & Jenna Russell. *A Jovial Crew*, Richard Brome's 1641 comedy. *All's Well That Ends Well*, with Rosemary Harris, Alfred Burke & Richard Johnson. At the Other Place: *The Odyssey*, a retelling of Homer's epic by Caribbean dramatist Derek Walcott, opens July 2. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks CV37 6BB* (0789 295623).

Chichester Festival season. *Venus Observed*, with Donald Sinden, Jean Boht, Kate O'Mara & Denis Quilley, until July 30; *King Lear in New York* by Melvyn Bragg, with Kate O'Mara & John Stride, July 8-Sept 26; *She Stoops to Conquer*, with Denis Quilley, Jean Boht & Jonathon Morris, Aug 12-Oct 3. *Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex PO19 4AP* (0243 781312).

CINEMA

Batman Returns, pitted against Michelle Pfeiffer's Catwoman. Tom Cruise stars with Nicole Kidman in *Far & Away*, possibly heralding a new vogue for retro-tainment. Robert Altman satirises the thinking behind modern Hollywood in *The Player*. Ingmar Bergman's parents are the subject of the Palme d'Or winner, *The Best Intentions*, & the other great Bergman can be seen in a welcome revival of *Casablanca*.

The following are some of the most interesting films showing in & around London.

Batman Returns. Michael Keaton's second stab at the caped crusader. Most of the interest, however, focuses on Michelle Pfeiffer as Catwoman, but Danny De Vito is also on hand to play The Penguin & Christopher Walken is a powerful industrialist holding Gotham City in the palm of his hand. Tim Burton is again the director. Opens July 10.

Beethoven (U). A shaggy dog story: Charles Grodin as a suburbanite whose serene home life is threatened with destruction when his family adopts a huge St Bernard. Brian Levant's comedy has its moments, as well as the year's most misleading title (it's the dog's name). Opens July 24.

Belle de Jour (15). From 1966, Luis Buñuel's brilliant & shocking study of a well bred, newly married Parisienne (Catherine Deneuve) who spends her afternoons servicing clients in a brothel, thrillingly skirting the possibility of being found out. It is the wily *auteur's* most effective lampoon of bourgeois hypocrisy. Opens July 17.

The Best Intentions (12). Bille August's elegiac, exquisitely detailed, three-hour-long film was the winner of the Palme d'Or at Cannes. Ingmar Bergman's screenplay is based on the early life together of his parents, played by Samuel Fröler & Pernilla August, with Max von Sydow as

Bergman's maternal grandfather. Opens July 3.

Casablanca (U). Miraculously, everything works in the most successful romantic film of all time, revealed in a brand-new print 50 years after its first release at the height of the war. Bogart & Bergman come alive again as the doomed lovers while Claude Rains gives an inspired performance as the devious, manipulative police chief. Opens July 3.

The Cutting Edge (PG). A temperamental ice-skater (Moira Kelly) teams up with a cocky ice-hockey player (D. B. Sweeney) to train under the tuition of coach Roy Dotrice for a pairs figure-skating championship. Opens July 17.

Far & Away (12). Epic romanticsaga set in the 1890s concerning the stormy romance between an Irish tenant farmer (Tom Cruise) & his landlord's daughter (Nicole Kidman) who start a new life together in America. Ron Howard's direction makes for breathtaking spectacle. Opens July 31. See review p79.

Ferngully (U). The first ecological animated cartoon is about the efforts of a city boy to save a great rain forest from the depredations of man, & allow its animals & plants the right to their environment. Voices include those of Tim Curry, Christian Slater, Robin Williams & Samantha Mathis. Opens Aug 7.

Gladiator (15). On the tough South Side of Chicago James Marshall plays an independently minded white boxer who must meet his father's gambling debts. An opportunist promoter pits him against a black champion, his friend Cuba Gooding Jr. Not much light relief in Rowdy Herrington's low-life drama.

Howards End (PG). Emma Thompson & Helena Bonham Carter impress as half-German sisters in Edwardian England, the former marrying a stuffy man of wealth (brilliantly played by Anthony Hopkins), unaware that he is denying her possession of the house his late wife

(Vanessa Redgrave) had wished to leave her. Ismail Merchant & James Ivory's last fling at E.M. Forster; it is also their best.

The Inner Circle (15). A true story, directed & co-written by Andrei Konchalovsky, who returned to his Russian homeland to make the film. Tom Hulce plays Stalin's projectionist, pressed into service by the KGB on his wedding night, who finds himself close to the terrible seat of Soviet power. The Kremlin itself is used for locations; unthinkable a few years ago.

Johnny Suede (15). Quirky first feature from American director Tom DiCillo. Brad Pitt stars as an aspiring musician obsessed with 1950s pop idol Ricky Nelson & seriously in love with the disturbed Darlette (Alison Moir).

The Lawnmower Man (15). Billed as the first "virtual reality" film & based on a Stephen King story, Brett Leonard's movie is really the Frankenstein *de nos jours* with Pierce Brosnan as a scientist using drugs & technology to tamper with the brain of a dim gardener, Jeff Fahey. The special effects save the day.

The Long Day Closes (PG). Terence Davies repeats the autobiographical style of *Distant Voices, Still Lives*: lovable working-class Liverpudlians in the 1950s, ever-ready with a song; long-held shots of carpets & windows; nostalgic pop songs on the soundtrack. But the dramatic heart of the first film, the brutal father, is missing, & the result is unduly bland.

The Lover (18). A Marguerite Duras recollection of life in French Indo-China in the early 1930s is the basis of this story in which a European convent girl, played by Jane March, becomes the mistress of a wealthy Chinese & is shunned by both factions. The direction is by Jean-Jacques Annaud.

Medicine Man (PG). Sean Connery is a scientist in the Venezuelan rain forest who has found — & lost — the cure for cancer. Lorraine Bracco plays an abrasive New Yorker who is sent to terminate his funding, but inevitably



Bergman's salute to his parents, *The Best Intentions*, was Best Film at Cannes.

they fall in love. A trite story, it fudges the serious message that the forest is best left to the Indians.

My Cousin Vinny (15). Joe Pesci defends two New York collegians who have been mistakenly arrested for murder in Alabama backwoods. But he is a lately-qualified lawyer with no experience, & the stickler of a southern judge, Fred Gwynne, is antipathetic to his Brooklynite sloppiness. A comedy from Jonathan Lynn; Marisa Tomei as Pesci's girlfriend almost purloins it. Opens July 17.

Night on Earth (15). A strange comedy written, produced & directed by Jim Jarmusch, in five sections set in Los Angeles, New York, Paris, Rome & Helsinki at night, each concerned with brief encounters between cab-drivers & their passengers. The cast includes Winona Ryder, Gena Rowlands, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Béatrice Dalle & Roberto Benigni; the score is by Tom Waits. Opens July 31.

Paradise (12). American remake of *Le Grand Chemin*, in which a young boy from Chicago stays with friends of his mother, a couple played by Melanie Griffith & Don Johnson, in a small town. During the summer he helps them come to terms with the loss of their own young son. Directed by Mary Agnes Donoghue.

Peter Pan (U). Revival of the Disney version of J. M. Barrie's adventure, a popular cartoon first seen in 1953. Astringent features of the original story have been carefully purged & the "You Can Fly" sequence in which the children soar over London rooftops is a fanciful interpretation of Hollywood's idea of the Great Wen. Opens July 24.

The Playboys (12). Rural Ireland in the 1950s; Robin Wright plays a girl who refuses to reveal the identity of her child's father. The Garda sergeant, Albert Finney, is anxious to marry her, but a travelling player, Aidan Quinn, turns her head. Gillies Mackinnon's deft comedy has an appropriate quota of blarney, but works.

The Player (15). Robert Altman

makes a startling return to form & wreaks revenge on the absurdity of the Hollywood system that never really managed to accommodate his enormous talent. Tim Robbins is a studio executive who murders a screenwriter—that happens all the time, but rarely literally. Magnificent.

The Rapture (18). Los Angeles good-time girl Mimi Rogers becomes an evangelical Christian after having divine visions, but rails against God's cruelties when her husband is murdered. A modern-day spiritual journey overshadowed by biblical portents of the apocalypse. Opens July 3.

Stephen King's Sleepwalkers (18). The vampirish Sleepwalkers stay alive by feeding on virtuous young women. Alice Krige & Brian Krause are a mother-&-son team who hit a small town in Indiana where they go after a high-school girl, Mädchen Amick. But she's tougher stuff than they expect. The first Stephen King story written specially for the cinema, it is directed by Mark Garris. Opens July 3.

The Thief of Baghdad (U). Alexander Korda's Arabian Nights fantasy had a difficult gestation, with production shifting from Denham to Hollywood when the war started in 1939, & several directors were involved, notably Michael Powell. Tim Whelan, Zoltan Korda & William Cameron Menzies. The Technicolor cinematography by Georges Perinal is stunning, the special effects years ahead of their time, & the performances of Sabu, John Justin, June Duprez & Conrad Veidt satisfying. Opens July 24.

Turtle Beach (15). Greta Scacchi plays a journalist from Australia looking at the plight of Vietnamese boat people in Malaysia. Forsaking objectivity, she becomes emotionally involved in the quest for the three children of the Australian high commissioner's wife (a former prostitute, played by Joan Chen), & with Art Malik, a black-marketeer.

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Felicity Palmer is the Countess in Glyndebourne's *Queen of Spades*. Australian Ballet in *Chessmate*. The Alvin Ailey company back in London after 17 years.

OPERA

Montserrat Caballé returns to London for the Royal Opera première of Rossini's comedy *Il viaggio a Reims*. The Almeida Theatre stages premières of operas by Stephen Oliver & Nigel Osborne. Glyndebourne has attracted a star-studded line-up for its last night.

ALMEIDA OPERA

Almeida Theatre, Almeida St, N1 (071-359 4404).

Mario and the Magician. British première of Stephen Oliver's opera based on a short story by Thomas Mann. Tim Hopkins directs. Nicholas Kok conducts. July 2, 4, 11, 14, 18.

Terrible Mouth. World première of Nigel Osborne's opera on the life & work of Goya. Directed by David Pountney. Conducted by David Parry. July 10, 13, 15, 16, 18.

ENGLISH BACH FESTIVAL

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (071-240 1066/1911).

Iphigénie en Tauride. Staged in period style by Alain Germain, with costumes & scenery after original designs. Jennifer Smith sings the title role, with Russell Smythe as Oreste; Marc Minkowski conducts. July 5.

EUROPEAN CHAMBER OPERA

Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon St, WC1 (071-387 9629).

Il trovatore. Founded in Madrid in 1990, the company provides a platform for young singers to undertake heavier roles for the first time. Cast includes Ida Maria Turri as Leonora & Alexander Naoumenko as Manrico. Chris Newell directs; Duncan Hinneells conducts. July 2-4.

LONDON OPERA FESTIVAL

Box office: 071-413 1428.

Caritas. Robert Saxton's opera based on a play by Wesker, performed by Opera North. *Queen Elizabeth Hall*, South Bank Centre, SE1. July 2.

Cinderella. Music Theatre London's innovative look at Rossini. *Royalty*, Portugal St, WC2. July 2-4.

Song of Satyrs—Antigone. Luc Brewaeys's setting of the Greek tragedy, staged by the Belgian Ensemble Leporello. *Riverside Studios*, Crisp Rd, W6. July 2-4.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Prince Consort Rd, SW7 (071-589 3643).

La Fille du Régiment. The title role is shared by Anna-Maria Panzerella & Elizabeth Davidson. Producer: Vernon Mound. Conductor: Michael Rosewell. July 13, 14, 17.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (071-240 1066/1911).

Il viaggio a Reims. John Cox directs & Carlo Rizzi conducts Rossini's comedy commissioned by the Paris Opéra for the coronation of Charles X in 1825. Montserrat Caballé sings Mme Cortese, hostess of the inn where a group of travellers on the way to the ceremony find themselves stranded. Cast also includes Sylvia McNair, Renée Fleming, Della Jones & John Aler. July 4, 8, 10, 13, 15, 17.

TRAVELLING OPERA

Barbican Hall, EC2 (071-638 8891).

Peter Knapp takes a fresh look at three well-loved operas: **The Barber of Seville**, which is set in a Spanish hotel in the 1930s; **The Marriage of Figaro** & **La Bohème**, up-dated to 1930s Paris. Aug 11-16.

OUT OF TOWN

Glyndebourne Festival Opera

Glyndebourne, E Sussex (0273 541111).

The Queen of Spades. Andrew Davis conducts Graham Vick's production, with Yuri Marusin as Hermann, Sergei Leiferkus as Count Tomsky, Dimitri Kharitonov as Prince Yeletsky, Felicity Palmer as the Countess & Nancy Gustafson as Lisa. July 2, 5, 8, 12, 15, 19, 21, 23.

Death in Venice. Revival of the production mounted in 1989 for GTO. Conducted by Graeme Jenkins, with Robert Tear as Aschenbach & Alan Opie as the Traveller. July 3, 6, 9, 11, 13, 16, 18, 20, 22.

Jenůfa. Roberta Alexander again sings the title role in Nikolaus Lehnhoff's powerful production; Yakov

Kreizberg conducts. July 4, 7, 10, 14, 17.

Gala Concert. Final performance to be given in the 58-year-old theatre before it is demolished to make way for the new building, due to open in 1994. Singers taking part, all of whom have previously appeared at the festival, include Montserrat Caballé, Felicity Lott, Benjamin Luxon, Ruggero Raimondi, Frederica von Stade. July 24.

OPERA BOX

Box office: 36 Conyers Rd, SW16 (081-677 0979).

Performances given against the backdrop of some of England's historic monuments.

Maria Stuarda. Brigett Gill sings the title role & Maria Moll is Elizabeth. *Kenilworth*, July 27; *Kirby*, Aug 3; *Bolsover*, Aug 10; *Framlingham*, Aug 18.

Don Giovanni. Brendan Wheatley sings the title role. *Kenilworth*, July 28; *Kirby*, Aug 4; *Bolsover*, Aug 11.

OPERA NORTH

Lyceum, Sheffield (0742 769922).

Orpheus in the Underworld. New production by Martin Duncan of Offenbach's tuneful satire. Conducted by Wyn Davies. July 3, 4.

SCOTTISH OPERA

His Majesty's, Aberdeen (0224 641122).

Don Giovanni. With Steven Page as Giovanni, Gidon Sachs as Leporello, Linda McLeod as Anna, Virginia Kerr as Elvira. July 3.

Aida. American soprano Priscilla Baskerville & baritone Donnie Ray sing Aida & Amonasro, with Sally Burgess as Amneris & Stefano Algieri as Radames. July 4.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

Iphigénie en Tauride. Charles Mackerras conducts a powerful new production. See review on p80.

Madam Butterfly. Helen Field as the tragic heroine, David Rendall Colenton Freeman as Pinkerton.

Ernani. Paolo Kudriavchenko sings the title role, with Suzanne Murphy as Elvira. David Barrell as Don Carlo. *Grand*, Swansea (0792 475715); July 2-4. *Apollo*, Oxford (0865 244544); July 7-11. *Opera House*, Manchester (061-236 9922); July 14-18.

DANCE

The summer brings a choice of classical, traditional & modern dance from around the world. Companies from Berlin & Australia are followed at the London Coliseum by the late, great Alvin Ailey's American Dance Theater; & there are two chances to enjoy the graceful Bharatha Natyam style at the Purcell Room. At the Royal Ballet there are important débuts by Zoltan Solymosi & Irek Mukhamedov.

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater. The New York-based company returns to London after an absence of 17 years. Founded in 1958 by the late Alvin Ailey to foster black culture, it is now under the direction of former leading dancer Judith Jamison. Programme 1: Donald McKayle's *District Storyville*, Donald Byrd's *Dance at the Gym* & Ailey's *Revelations*, July 21-24, 25 (m&c). Programme 2: *The River*, *Cry*, *Blues Suite* & *Revelations*, all by Ailey, July 27-31, Aug 1 (m&c). *London Coliseum*, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-836 3161, cc:071-240 5258).

Australian Ballet. In its 30th anniversary season the company brings to London three programmes. They include the UK premières of Peggy van Praagh's production of *Coppélia*, Maina Gielgud's *Giselle* & Stephen Baynes's *Catalyst*, an abstract ballet set to Poulenc's *Concerto for Two Pianos*. Also a triple bill comprising *Of Blessed Memory*, *Chessmate* & *Gala Performance*. July 7-18. *London Coliseum*.

Berlin Ballet. First London visit of the ballet company from the Berlin Deutsche Oper, now under the artistic direction of Peter Schaufuss, whose new production of *Giselle* alternates with a triple bill comprising Béjart's *Rite of Spring*, Bill T. Jones's *The Opening* & Philip Chambon's *Swansong*. Until July 4. *London Coliseum*.

DV8 Physical Theatre. Winners of



Début of Prague Festival Ballet. Yuri Bashmet with the LSO at the Barbican.

the 1991 Prudential Award for Dance present *Strange Fish*, a group collaboration featuring eight performers, including DV8 founders Nigel Charnock & Wendy Houston. It is danced to specially composed sound-track & vocal music. Designs by Peter J. Davison. July 28-Aug 8. *Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6 (081-7483354)*.

English National Ballet. Four programmes including two Prokofiev ballets, *Cinderella*, choreographed by Stevenson, July 24-Aug 1, & *Romeo & Juliet*, choreographed by Ashton, Aug 10-15; *Coppélia*, Aug 3-8; Fokine tribute, Aug 17-20. *Festival Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-9288800)*.

Prague Festival Ballet. Choreographer David Slobaspyckj's group of 10 young dancers, drawn from various Eastern European troupes, perform his *A Short Piece for Eight*, *Silent Whispers* & *Sprinkle the Morning Air Around You with Joyful Sounds*. July 26,27. *Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon St, WC1 (071-3879629)*.

Royal Ballet. Ashton's *La fille mal gardée*, July 6,9,14,18(m&e). Triple bill: *Les Sylphides*, *A Month in the Country*, *Elite Syncopations*, July 11,16,20,24. *Romeo & Juliet*, choreographed by MacMillan, with débuts by Altynai Asylmuratova, Zoltan Solymosi & Irek Mukhamedov, July 21,22,23,25 (m&e),27,28,31, Aug 6(m&e),8(m&e). *La Bayadère*, choreographed by Makarova after Petipa, with a London début by Zoltan Solymosi as Solor, July 29,30, Aug 1(m&e), 3,4,5,7. *Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (071-240 1066/1911)*.

Shobana Jeyasingh Dance Company. Triple bill of traditional & modern dance based on the Bharatha Natyam form, noted for its percussive footwork & expressive arm gestures. July 29-Aug 1. *Purcell Room, South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-9288800)*.

Travelling Festival of India. Classical dance & music: Bharatha Natyam dance style from south India & Kathak from north India, also solo performances of instrumental music. July 17-19. *Purcell Room*.

MUSIC

The Proms open on July 17 with Verdi's great Requiem.

This year's visitors include the **Cleveland Orchestra**, conducted by Christoph von Dohnányi, & the **Budapest Festival Orchestra**, under Ivan Fischer's direction.

The Barbican Hall hosts the final stages of the **Carl Flesch International Violin Competition**. At the **South Bank young musicians** gather for a week of every kind of music-making.

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (071-823 9998). 98th Season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. July 17-Sept 12, nightly, including Sundays at 7.30pm, unless otherwise stated.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, Symphony Chorus & Singers, London Symphony Chorus. Andrew Davis conducts Verdi's Requiem. July 17.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. Simon Rattle conducts Gerhard's ballet *Don Quixote* & Janáček's Glagolitic Mass. July 19.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. Alexander Lazarev conducts Sibelius's Symphony No 1, the world première of James Dillon's *ignis noster*, & Strauss's Four Last Songs, with Helen Field, soprano. July 20.

Lontano, BBC Singers. Odaline de la Martinez conducts Villa-Lobos's Choro No 7, Quartet, Bachiana Brasileira Nos 9 & 5, & Nonet. July 22, 10pm.

BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestra, Welsh Chorus, Britten Singers, Chester Festival Chorus. Richard Hickox conducts Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor), with John Lill, & the London première of John Tavener's *We shall see Him as He is*. July 23.

Cleveland Orchestra. Christoph von Dohnányi conducts two concerts. The European première of Herbert

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Summer Season

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Viviana Durante in Romeo & Juliet. Photograph Jimmy Wormser

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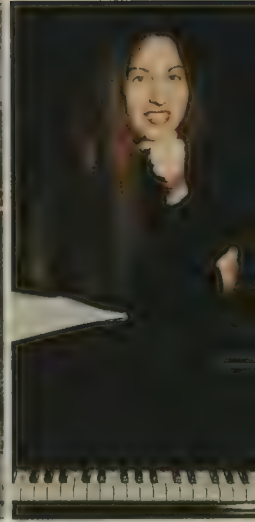
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Christoph von Dohnányi conducts the Cleveland Orchestra at the Proms. Schubert Ensemble appear at Cheltenham. Vanessa Lataarche plays Bach at Lichfield.

Willi's Concerto for Orchestra. Weill's *Seven Deadly Sins*, with Anja Silja, soprano, Berlioz's *Symphonic fantastique*, July 24; Schumann's Symphony No 4, Mahler's *Rückert Lieder*, with José van Dam, baritone, Beethoven's Symphony No 5, July 25.

Glyndebourne Festival Opera give a semi-staged performance of Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades*, conducted by Andrew Davis, July 26, 7pm.

Budapest Festival Orchestra. Ivan Fischer, founder of the Orchestra, conducts Berlioz's overture *Benvenuto Cellini*. Liszt's Piano Concerto No 1, with Zoltán Kocsis, Bartók's opera *Duke Bluebeard's Castle*, with Ildikó Komlósi, soprano, & Laszlo Polgar, bass, July 28.

Gabriel Consort, Choir & Players. Paul McCreesh conducts five Psalms of David by Schütz & Music for a Venetian Coronation, 1595, including works by Andrea & Giovanni Gabrieli, July 30.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. Matthias Bamert conducts Debussy's *La mer*, the world première of John Casken's *Still Mine*, Delius's *Brigg Fair*, with Thomas Allen, baritone, Sibelius's Symphony No 5, July 31.

Monteverdi Choir & Instrumentalists, English Baroque Soloists. John Eliot Gardiner conducts Handel's oratorio *Israel in Egypt*, Part I (Exodus) & the UK première of Alexander Goehr's choral work *The Death of Moses*, Aug 2.

Hanover Band. Roy Goodman conducts Cherubini's overture *Anacréon*, Hummel's Trumpet Concerto, with John Wallace, Berlioz's orchestration of Weber's *Invitation to the Dance*, Beethoven's Symphony No 3 (Eroica), Aug 3.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Simon Rattle conducts Mahler's *Blumine*, Bartók's Piano Concerto No 2, with Peter Donohoe, Debussy's *Jeux*, Haydn's Symphony No 90, Aug 7.

National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain, BBC Welsh Chorus, Bach Choir. Tadaaki Otaka con-

ducts Berg's Three Pieces for Orchestra, Mahler's Symphony No 2 (Resurrection), Aug 9.

Scottish Chamber Orchestra. Charles Mackerras conducts Beethoven's Symphony No 1, two Rossini arias, from *Semiramide* & *La donna del lago*, with Kathleen Kuhlmann, mezzo-soprano, Bartók's Divertimento, the world première of James MacMillan's *Veni, veni Emmanuel*, with Evelyn Glennie, percussion, for whom the work was written, Aug 10.

BBC Philharmonic. Edward Downes conducts Rossini's overture *William Tell*, Britten's Piano Concerto, with Leif Ove Andsnes, Shostakovich's Symphony No 15, Aug 12. BARBICAN HALL, EC2 (071-638 8891).

London Symphony Orchestra. Colin Davis conducts two concerts. Stravinsky's Octet, Beethoven's Symphony No 8, Berlioz's *Harold in Italy*, with Yuri Bashmet, viola; July 2, 7.45pm. Mozart's Symphony No 32, Piano Concerto in C, with Imogen Cooper, & Posthorn Serenade, July 12, 7.30pm.

National Symphony Orchestra. Popular classics by Mendelssohn, Grieg, Bizet, Elgar, Ravel, conducted by David Coleman, July 3, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Richard Hickox conducts excerpts from Gershwin's *Porgy & Bess*, & Tippett's oratorio *A Child of Our Time*, July 5, 7.30pm.

Academy of St Martin in the Fields. Five concerts devoted to popular works by great composers. Iona Brown conducts Mozart & Beethoven, July 8, 7.45pm. Neville Marriner conducts De Falla, Rodrigo, Bizet, July 25, 7.45pm; Ravel, Sibelius, Dvořák, Aug 19, 7.30pm. Kenneth Sillito conducts Bach, Handel, Purcell, Vivaldi, Aug 20, 7.30pm. Neville Marriner conducts Mendelssohn, Aug 21, 7.30pm.

City of London Carl Flesch International Violin Competition. Final stages. Six finalists play a Mozart concerto in the Old Library,

Guildhall, July 14, 6.30pm. Three finalists play a selected concerto with the Philharmonia, under Andrew Litton, at each of two concerts in the Barbican, July 15, 16, 6.30pm. The last is followed by the prize-giving ceremony.

London Symphony Orchestra. En Shao conducts Strauss's *Don Juan*, Mozart's Piano Concerto No 21, with Piotr Anderszewski, Dvořák's Symphony No 8, Aug 2, 7.30pm.

Moscow Philharmonic. Vassily Sinaisky conducts Glinka's overture *Ruslan & Ludmilla*, Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No 1, with Nikolai Petrov, Mussorgsky's *Pictures from an Exhibition*, Aug 17, 7.30pm.

FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 8890).

Young Musicians' Symphony Orchestra, London Choral Society, Goldsmiths Choral Union. James Blair conducts Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*, July 2, 7.30pm.

Grand Verdi Gala. David Coleman conducts the National Symphony Orchestra. Goldsmiths Choral Union, Pro Musica Chorus & soloists in excerpts from *The Force of Destiny*, *Nabucco*, *La traviata*, *Don Carlos*, *Aida*, *Rigoletto*, *Otello*, July 5, 7.30pm.

National Festival of Music for Youth. More than 6,500 young musicians take part in a week-long festival featuring symphony orchestras, brass & wind bands, jazz & big bands, electronic, ethnic & early music, steel bands, choirs & chamber ensembles, July 6-11.

Cole Porter & the American Musical. London Sinfonietta under John McGlinn play Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers & Jerome Kern, July 19, 7.30pm.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (071-240 1066).

Cheryl Studer, soprano, **Irwin Gage,** piano. Schubert, Wagner, Richard Strauss, July 3, 8pm.

Olaf Baer, baritone, **Geoffrey Parsons,** piano. Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, Wolf, July 12, 8pm.

FESTIVALS

Llangollen welcomes visitors from 47 nations while Cambridge fosters local talent. Cheltenham has a Swiss theme, Henley features the two Americas, & Warwick is twinned with south Bohemia.

BUXTON INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

Jane Glover conducts Rossini's *The Italian Girl in Algiers*; Handel's *Agrippina* is directed from the harpsichord by Roger Vignoles. Song recitals by Benjamin Luxon & Sarah Walker, July 15-Aug 2. Box office: 0298 72190.

CAMBRIDGE FESTIVAL

A community production of *West Side Story* focuses on local talent. The 60th birthdays of Cambridge composers Alexander Goehr & Hugh Wood are celebrated. Evening concerts, midday music, organ recitals, & morning coffee at Kettle's when performers meet their audiences, July 17-Aug 2. Box office: 0223 357851.

CITY OF LONDON FESTIVAL

Concerts in livery halls & the Barbican Hall; organ recitals in City churches; jazz & a craft fair in Guildhall Yard; many lunchtime & open-air events free of charge, July 5-22. Box office: 071-248 4260.

CHELTENHAM FESTIVAL

The theme is Switzerland: it features contemporary composers & the centenary of Honegger. Swiss artists appearing include Camerata Bern, Zürich Kammermusik, conductor Mario Venzago, flautist Aurele Nicolet & pianist Nelson Garner, July 4-19. Box office: 0242 523690.

CHICHESTER FESTIVITIES

Overseas visitors include the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, the Ensemble Polyphonique from Chartres, Portuguese pianist Artur Pizarro & violinist Igor Oistrakh. Percussionist Evelyn Glennie & guitarist Nicola Hall share a recital. The four finalists in the BBC Young Musician of the Year Competition appear in one concert, July 5-26. Box office: 0243 780192.



Gielgud, by David Bomby, at the NPG. Magritte continues at the Hayward. The Execution of Maximilian, Manet's political paintings at the National Gallery.

HENLEY FESTIVAL

Features the music of both Americas, including Gershwin, Barber & Bernstein, Broadway hits, a steel band & a Peruvian folk band. July 8-11. *Box office: 0491 411353.*

KING'S LYNN FESTIVAL

The line-up covers a range of entertainment from James Galway to Steel-eye Span, Opera Restor'd to Desford Colliery Brass Band, early music performed by Anthony Rooley, Emma Kirkby & Evelyn Tubb to jive, jazz & jollity by Bellacappella. July 18-Aug 1. *Box office: 0553 773578.*

LICHEFIELD FESTIVAL

Igor Oistrakh appears with the European Community Chamber Orchestra; recitals by Camerata Bern, Lindsay & Allegri String Quartets; Vanessa Latache plays Bach's 48 Preludes & Fugues in four recitals. July 2-12. *Box office: 0543 257557.*

LLANGOLLEN INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD

Choirs, folk song & folk dance groups, vocal & instrumental soloists from 47 nations take part in the competition. Concerts by the BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Tadaaki Otaka, Marisa Robles Harp Ensemble & soprano Margaret Price. July 7-12. *Box office: 0978 860236.*

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON FESTIVAL

Varied programme includes the Band of the Royal Marines, the best of British jazz, two Shakespeare productions *A Midsummer Night's Dream* & *The Taming of the Shrew* in the gardens of Alveston Manor, visiting choirs from Stratford, Ontario, & Stratford, Connecticut, & Bach's cello suites played by Nicholas Jones. July 11-26. *Box office: 0789 267969.*

WARWICK FESTIVAL

Twinned with the South Bohemian Music Festival, Warwick welcomes the Stamic String Quartet & other musicians from Czechoslovakia, plus artists from France, Italy, Japan & India. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is staged at Warwick Castle in designs by Arthur Rackham. July 1-12. *Box office: 0926 496277.*

EXHIBITIONS

An Impressionist feast, with Manet at the National Gallery & Sisley at the Royal Academy.

A last chance to catch Magritte at the Hayward Gallery. Pop videos explode at MOMI, pop prints at the Festival Hall & lasers at the Science Museum. A new gallery of 20th-century seapower opens at Greenwich's National Maritime Museum.

LLEWELLYN ALEXANDER

124-126 The Cut, SE1 (071-620 1322).

Not the Royal Academy. Rejected submissions from this year's Summer Exhibition. Until Aug 29. Mon-Fri 10am-7.30pm, Sat 1.30-7.30pm.

BANKSIDE GALLERY

48 Hopton St, SE1 (071-928 7521).

Royal Watercolour Society Open.

Work by some of Britain's finest watercolourists. July 10-Aug 2. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Tues until 8pm, Sun 1-5pm. £2, concessions £1.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Barbican Centre, EC2 (071-638 4141).

The Celebrated City. Treasures from the collections of the Corporation of London, including charters, paintings, prints & maps. Until July 19. Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Tues until 5.45, Sun noon-6.45pm. £4.50, concessions & everybody Mon-Fri from 5pm £2.50. See p10.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (071-636 1555).

Mexican Painted Books. Views of events dating from before & after the Spanish Conquest. Until Sept 6. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

CONTEMPORARY APPLIED ARTS

13 Earham St, WC2 (071-836 6993).

Summer Show. The newest & best in British crafts: Part 1, Garden items, until July 25; Part 2, Jewellery, July 27-Sept 5. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Wed, Thurs until 7pm.

COURTAULD INSTITUTE

Somersel House, Strand, WC2 (071-873 2526).

Drawing in Bologna, 1500-1600.

Works by Cesi, Passarotti & others. Until Aug 31. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. This exhibition free; admission to rest of Institute £3, concessions £1.50.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 0906).

Pop Prints. Screen-prints, lithographs & etchings by Warhol, Hamilton, Blake, Lichtenstein, Caulfield, Hockney & others. July 17-Aug 16. Daily 10am-10pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-261 0127).

Magritte. Comprehensive exhibition encompassing the Belgian surrealist's early experiments, his Renoiresque impressionist & "vache" periods, & the more familiar bowler-hatted figures. Until Aug 2. Daily 10am-6pm, Tues, Wed until 8pm. £5, concessions £3.50 (advance booking on 071-928 8800, £5.50 & £4).

HYBRID

98 Columbia Rd, E2 (071-613 2628).

Land Lovers. Vivid paintings by Richard Adams of village life & rural landscapes. July 5-Aug 30. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sun 9.30am-1.30pm.

KENSINGTON PALACE

Kensington Gardens, W2 (071-937 9561).

Court Couture 92. Thirty interpretations of Court dress by contemporary designers. Wittiest are by RCA fashion students, one with a train made of fibre optics & another sporting images of the royals in paillettes cut from colour photographs. Until Oct 18. Mon-Sat 9am-5.30pm, Sun 11am-5.30pm. £3.75, OAPs & students £2.80, children £2.50.

LONDON TOY & MODEL MUSEUM

21-23 Craven Hill, W2 (071-262 9450).

Roll Up! Roll Up! Live-action model fairground & roller-coaster; antique penny-in-the-slot machines, side-shows & fairground memorabilia. Until Dec. Mon-Sat 10am-4.30pm, Sun 11am-4.30pm. £3, concessions £2, children £1.50.

LONDON TRANSPORT MUSEUM

39 Wellington St, WC2 (071-379 6344).

Tube Centenary. Major exhibition with driving simulators, & actors

bringing to life 100 years of electric underground railways. Until Mar 7, 1993. Daily 10am-6pm. £3.20, concessions £1.60.

MALL GALLERIES

The Mall, SW1 (071-930 6844).

Society of Wildlife Artists. Open exhibition of painting & sculpture. July 30-Aug 14. Daily 10am-5pm. £2, concessions £1.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (071-600 3699).

Images of Tidmarsh. Watercolours by H.E. Tidmarsh of the streets of London, 1895-1928. July 28-Oct 4. Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £3, concessions £1.50; free daily after 4.30pm.

MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE

South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 3535).

Irn-Bru Pop Video Exhibition.

The phenomenon of "three-minute culture" as seen in music films & videos, with a 1930s film jukebox, memorabilia of the stars & a look at the medium as a marketing tool. July 25-Jan, 1993. Daily 10am-6pm. £5.50, students £4.70, children £4 (advance booking on 071-240 7200, £6, £5.20 & £4.50).

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (071-839 3321).

Manet: The Execution of Maximilian—Paintings, Politics & Censorship. Versions of this famous painting of the 1860s from Boston & Mannheim, reunited with the Gallery's own example & 20 other works by Édouard Manet. July 1-Sept 27. Daily 10am-6pm, Wed until 9pm. £3, concessions £1.50 (advance booking on 071-497 9977, £4 & £2).

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

Greenwich, SE10 (081-858 4422).

Pirates: Fact & Fiction. Mythical pirates jostle real-life baddies like Henry Morgan, Blackbeard & today's predators of the Far Eastern seas. Until Aug 31.

20th-Century Seapower. New permanent gallery using models, paintings, photographs, film & artifacts to tell the story of seapower & of Britain's role at peace & at war, from merchant



Pop videos at MOMI. Jim Courier, No 1 seed at Wimbledon. Roger Black, going for Olympic gold in Barcelona. Mansell & Senna in combat at Silverstone.

fleets to Trident submarines. Opens July 22.

Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. £3.95, concessions £2.50.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (071-306 0055).

20th-Century Acquisitions. Paintings, drawings, busts & photographs of John Gielgud, Peter Hall, Kenneth MacMillan, Brian Rix, Joe Orton, Sid Vicious, H.G. Wells & Margaret Thatcher. July 23-Sept 20.

BP Portrait Award 1992. This year's prize went to Lucy Willis for her picture of 11 inmates of Shepton Mallet Prison. Until Sept 6.

Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

THE QUEEN'S GALLERY

Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1 (071-799 2331).

Carlton House—Past Glories of George IV's Palace. Paintings by English & Dutch masters; French furniture, clocks & porcelain; weapons from the Far East. Until Oct 31. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. £2, concessions £1.50 & £1.

ROYAL ACADEMY

Piccadilly, W1 (071-439 7438).

224th Summer Exhibition. Annual open show of painting & sculpture. Until Aug 16. £4.50, concessions £3 (advance booking on 071-379 4444, £5 & £3.70).

Alfred Sisley 1839-99. Major retrospective incorporating more than 65 paintings by this Impressionist artist. July 3-Oct 18. £5, concessions £3.40 (advance booking on 071-379 4444, £6 & £4.40).

Daily 10am-6pm.

SCIENCE MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (071-938 8080).

Living with Lasers. Everyday applications of these miraculous lights from medicine to the local supermarket. July 15-end Sept.

A Walk Through Space. Hands-on demonstrations of the benefits of space technology. Until Sept 15.

Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 11am-6pm. £3.75, OAPs £2.20, concessions £1.90.

SEEN GALLERY

8 Frederic Mews, Kinnerton St, SW1 (071-245 6131).

Peter Welton. Watercolours by the artist who produced the cover for this issue of *ILN*. July 10-Aug 7. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm. See p 11.

SPINK

5 King St, SW1 (071-930 7888).

Henry Koehler. Recent oils by one of America's leading contemporary sporting artists. July 1-24.

William Plumptree. Pottery on sale by this Japanese-trained craftsman includes vases, bowls, plates & jars. July 1-24.

Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (071-821 1313).

Richard Hamilton. Major exhibition by one of the founding creators of Pop Art, from his 1940s oils to a 1992 painting. Until Sept 6. £3, concessions £1.50.

The Painted Nude: From Etty to Freud. Pictures from the Tate's collection, spanning 150 years. Aug 10-Dec 27.

Georg Baselitz: Prints 1964-90. Works by one of Germany's foremost contemporary artists. July 15-Nov 1.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (071-938 8349).

Sovereign. Royal costumes & decorations, banqueting services, gifts received by the royal family on overseas visits & family photographs. Until Sept 13. £6, concessions £4.90 (includes acoustiguide & admission to museum). Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm (Sovereign exhibition open Sun from noon). Voluntary donation for other visitors, suggested £3, concessions 50p.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (071-377 0107).

1992 Whitechapel Open. Shows in the gallery, plus others at Spitalfields Market & Butler's Wharf. Part 1, until July 19; Part 2, July 31-Aug 30. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm.

SPORT

The Barcelona Olympics, to be shown on BBC1 & BBC2, tower over the summer fixture list. At home the Test season reaches its climax, as do Wimbledon & Henley. Robert Fulford, the 25-year-old British croquet champion, tries to hold on to his title; Nigel Mansell seeks another Silverstone victory to stay ahead for 1992; golfers Ian Baker-Finch & Kitrina Douglas endeavour to retain the Open titles.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL

American Bowl 92: San Francisco 49ers v Washington Redskins. Aug 16. *Wembley Stadium, Middx.*

ATHLETICS

London Grand Prix. July 10. *Crystal Palace, SE19.*

Vauxhall International. July 17. *Gateshead, Tyne & Wear.*

Lean Cuisine European under-23 Cup. July 18, 19. *Gateshead.*

CRICKET

England v Pakistan: 3rd Cornhill Test, July 2-7, *Old Trafford, Manchester*; **4th Cornhill Test,** July 23-27, *Headingley, Leeds, W Yorks*; **5th Cornhill Test,** Aug 6-10, *The Foster's Oval, SE11.*

Benson & Hedges Cup final. July 11. *Lord's, NW8.*

CROQUET

Open Championship. July 19-26. *Hurlingham Club, SW6.*

CYCLING

Tour de France. July 4-26. *Starts San Sebastian, Spain; finishes Paris, France.*

Kellogg's Tour of Britain. Aug 10-14. *Starts Dundee; finishes Leeds.*

EQUESTRIANISM

Lowther Horse Driving Trials. Aug 6-9. *Lowther, Cumbria.*

FOOTBALL

FA Charity Shield: Liverpool v Leeds. Aug 8. *Wembley Stadium.*

GOLF

Bell's Scottish Open. July 8-11. *Gleneagles, Tayside.*

121st Open Championship. July 16-19. *Muirfield, Edinburgh.*

Senior British Open Championship. July 23-26. *Royal Lytham & St Anne's GC, nr Blackpool, Lancs.*

English Ladies Open. July 30-Aug 2. *Tytherington, nr Macclesfield, Cheshire.*

HORSE RACING

July meeting. July 7-9. *Newmarket, Suffolk.*

King George VI & Queen Elizabeth Diamond Stakes. July 25. *Ascot, Berks.*

Glorious Goodwood meeting. July 28-Aug 1. *Goodwood, W Sussex.*

MOTOR CYCLING

British Grand Prix. Aug 2. *Donington Park, Castle Donington, Leics.*

MOTOR RACING

British Grand Prix. July 12. *Silverstone, Northants.*

POLO

British Open Championship. July 19. *Cowdray Park, nr Midhurst, W Sussex.*

Cartier International: England v USA, Hurlingham Polo Association v Spain. July 26. *Guards' Polo Club, Windsor, Berks.*

ROWING

Henley Royal Regatta. Until July 5. *Henley-upon-Thames, Oxon.*

National Championships. July 17-19. *Holme Pierrepont, Nottingham.*

SAILING

Land Rover Cowes Week. Aug 1-8. *Cowes, Isle of Wight.*

Cutty Sark Tall Ships' Races. July 12-Aug 12. *Kiel, Germany; Karlskrona, Sweden; Kotka, Finland; Tallinn, Estonia; Gdynia, Poland.*

TENNIS

The Championships. Until July 15. *All England Club, Wimbledon, SW19.*

OLYMPICS

XXV Olympic Games. July 25-Aug 9.

Athletics, July 31-Aug 9; **Canoeing,** July 31-Aug 8; **Equestrian events,** July 27-Aug 9; **Gymnastics,** July 26-Aug 8; **Modern pentathlon,** July 26-29; **Rowing,** July 27-Aug 2; **Swimming,** July 26-31; **Yachting,** July 27-Aug 4. *Barcelona, Spain.*



On sale: marine art at Bonham's. Under sail: the real thing in the Mersey.

OTHER EVENTS

The Royal Tournament brings its blend of spectacle & excitement with the naval field gun race & the King's Troop (also to be seen in action on the Queen Mother's birthday). The vast International Flower Show reaches its third year at Hampton Court Palace. Street entertainers enliven Soho for their annual competition.

Classic Fighter Air Show. Commemoration of 50 years since the USAAF's arrival in Britain. Three hours of flying displays by Spitfires, Messerschmitts, a Lancaster, a Phantom & many more. July 4/5. Daily 9am-6pm. *Imperial War Museum, Duxford Airfield, nr Cambridge.* £8, OAPs £6, children £4.

Doggett's Coat & Badge. Race for single sculls, first held in 1714, rowed over a 4½-mile course on the Thames. The victor receives a sumptuously decorated scarlet coat. July 23, 6.30pm. *Starts London Bridge, SE1/EC4; finishes Chelsea, SW3.*

Garden Day Tours. Trips by coach from London, & garden visits accompanied by guides or head gardeners. July 12, Aug 2, *London gardens & Kew*; July 15/29, Aug 12, *Sissinghurst Castle, Great Comp, Iden Croft*. 8.45am-6pm. Details from Tour Planners (071-431 2758). £38.

Garden of the Gods. Dress in appropriate costume & take picnics to enjoy beside the lake in this 18th-century setting. Entertainments include fireworks, illuminations & dancing. July 15-18, 7pm. *Claremont Landscape Garden, Esher, Surrey.* Tickets must be booked in advance from 0372 457223 or 0372 459950. Wed, Thurs £9, children £6; Fri, Sat £14 & £9.

Gun Salute. In celebration of the Queen Mother's 92nd birthday, the Royal Horse Artillery fire off the customary rounds. Aug 4: noon, *Hyde Park, W1 (opposite Dorchester Hotel)*; 1pm, *Tower of London, EC3.*

International Flower Show. The best of British flora, spread over 22 acres, including the annual British Rose Festival. July 9-12. Thurs-Sat 10am-7.30pm, Sun 10am-6.30pm. *Hampton Court Palace, East Molesey, Surrey.* £12, OAPs £9, children £6 (advance booking 071-379 4444); visitors arriving by rail £10, £7.50 & £5 (071-620 1032, 071-620 1034).

London International Festival of Street Entertainers. Participants compete for the annual Street Entertainer of the Year Award. July 18/19. Sat 11am-9pm, Sun 11am-5pm. *Carnaby St & Golden Sq, W1; finalists' show 7pm, London Palladium, Argyll St, W1.*

Return of the Tall Ships to the Mersey. Part of the Columbus Regatta, a series of races that started in Cadiz in May. After passing through New York around July 4, this final leg leaves Boston on July 16 & arrives in the Mersey around Aug 12. Concerts, fireworks & a grand parade of sail welcome more than 100 of these lofty vessels to Britain. Aug 12-16. *Albert Dock, Liverpool, & Victoria Dock, Birkenhead (information 0891 881992).*

Royal Tournament. The Royal Air Force celebrates Heroes of the Air, with laser displays, mock battles & a cast of 2,000. July 8-25. Mon-Sat 7.30pm, Tues-Sat from July 9 2.30pm. *Earls Court, SW5 (071-373 8141).* £7.50-£22, OAPs & children half-price at Tues-Fri matinées.

Sales: Old Master Paintings, including a Rembrandt portrait of Dutch religious reformer Johannes Uytenbogaert, estimated at more than £3 million, July 8, 10.30am, *Sotheby's 34/35 New Bond St, W1 (071-493 8080).* **Classic Rivercraft & Ephe-mera,** including launches & gigs, held in a tent at the Henley Regatta site, July 11, 2pm, information *Phillips, 101 New Bond St, W1 (071-629 6602).* **Marine paintings, prints, ship models & related items,** viewing Aug 1-6 at *84 High St, Cowes, Isle of Wight*; sale Aug 13, 11am & 6pm, *Bonham's, Montpelier St, SW7 (071-584 9161).*

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The Loreto church on Hradčany, Prague, far left, one of Joe Cornish's photographs from *Prague*, by Stephen Brook, published by George Philip at £18.99. Left, Bernard Shaw at work in his summer-house at Shaw's Corner, his house in Ayot St Lawrence, from *The Oxford Illustrated Literary Guide to Great Britain and Northern Ireland* (OUP, £25). Right, German painted vase, 19th century from *The Bowes Museum* (Scala, £12.95), published to commemorate the centenary of the museum's opening in June, 1892.



BOOK CHOICE

A selection of current titles which are, or deserve to be, on the bestseller list

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

Bernard Shaw 4: The Last Laugh
by Michael Holroyd
Chatto & Windus, £10.99

Shaw left a large fortune and his estate is still earning at the rate of nearly half a million pounds a year. His will, which left money for the reform of the alphabet, was challenged, as was that of his wife Charlotte, who left money for the further education of the Irish. The author traces the remarkable story of the Shaws' financial afterlife, a black comedy that is still running.

Hitler's Diplomat

by John Weitz
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £20

There is not much to be written in favour of Joachim von Ribbentrop, who was for seven years Hitler's foreign minister and before that ambassador to Britain, and John Weitz does not waste time or space on the attempt. According to this unrelenting biography Ribbentrop was despised by virtually everyone but Hitler, who seems to have been impressed by his professed knowledge of Britain and his assumed aristocratic demeanour.

Harold Wilson

by Austen Morgan
Pluto Press, £25

One of Britain's most politically successful leaders—he won four general elections—Harold Wilson has not, since his sudden retirement in 1976, been generously treated in contemporary political memoirs. This biography goes over the old ground in great detail, but fails to make any new assessments of this prime minister's likely place in political history.

Within Tuscany

by Matthew Spender
Viking, £16.99

This is not a guidebook, but an impressionistic and very personal portrait of the character of Tuscany which, in spite of the author's familiarity (he has lived there for more than 20 years), remains irresistibly elusive.

HARDBACK FICTION

Spirit Weddings
by Gillian Tindall
Hutchinson, £13.99

Gillian Tindall's new novel is set among the troubles of a former colonial territory where civil war follows the withdrawal of peace-keeping forces from the old empire. Plenty of intrigue and suspense, a strong cast of characters and some stylish writing provide a satisfying read.

Cabal

by Michael Dibdin
Faber, £14.99

The third of Michael Dibdin's novels involving the Italian policeman Aurelio Zen firmly establishes the author in the front rank of contemporary detective-story writers. A death under the dome of St Peter's in Rome sets up a plot intricately woven, and competently resolved, within the precarious relationship between Vatican and Italian states.

London Observed

by Doris Lessing
HarperCollins, £14.99

This is a mixed bag of stories and sketches, most of them previously published in magazines and newspapers. They are rather variable in quality, and some with only a slight London connection. The first, the story of a pregnant teenager who leaves home to have her baby, is the strongest, but there are some memorable moments and descriptions in many of the other pieces.

Crystal Rooms

by Melvyn Bragg
Hodder & Stoughton, £14.99

An 11-year-old boy, abandoned outside the Crystal Rooms amusement arcade in Leicester Square, emerges as the hero of Melvyn Bragg's new novel, and the book is at its best when relating the troubles he gets into. The author seems not to share this view, however, for he hares off after glitzy superficialities and sex, as if frightened of losing his audience.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

Anyone Here Been Raped and Speaks English?

by Edward Behr

Penguin, £5.99
The author is a veteran foreign correspondent who covered many of the world's trouble-spots for many years. The title comes from a cry he heard in 1960 from a British TV reporter in the Congo, and his book is liberally spiced with examples of the world's press in action that rival, and on occasion surpass, the absurdities of *Scoop*.

Crete: The Battle and the

Resistance

by Antony Beevor
Penguin, £6.99

The story of the German invasion and occupation of Crete, and of the island's resistance, both organised and improvised, has been told many times but never better than in this well-researched and lucidly presented history, which will undoubtedly become a standard work on this heroic byway of the Second World War.

The Road to Divorce

by Laurence Stone
Oxford University Press, £12.95

Marriage in England is a complicated, often disorderly business, and so is divorce. This is a detailed and absorbing study ranging from the days of the Reformation, which was closely connected with King Henry VIII's need for divorce, to the present when the process is easier, though people may not be any happier.

Travelling the World

by Paul Theroux
Penguin, £12.99

The author has been travelling through Africa, the Americas, Asia, Britain, Europe and the Middle East for more than 25 years. In this collection of some of his liveliest travel writing—all of it evocative and much of it also provocative—his commentaries are illustrated with photographs taken by others who have followed the same paths.

PAPERBACK FICTION

City of the Mind
by Penelope Lively
Penguin, £5.99

London emerges as the star of this novel about an unhappy architect, supervising construction of one of the new buildings in Docklands, coming to terms with a broken marriage and trying to create a new life in fairly unsympathetic surroundings. His own imaginative understanding of the city he works in, which is finely portrayed in both historical and contemporary terms, gives him legitimate hope and the reader much quiet enjoyment.

The Collected Stories

by Angus Wilson
Penguin, £6.99

Angus Wilson, who died just over a year ago, should now be regaining some of his lost literary reputation. Penguin is republishing his fiction, including this volume of short stories which confirm his mastery of the art. Witty, observant, at times melancholy, often dramatic and always sharp, the stories show the author at his best.

The Gorse Trilogy

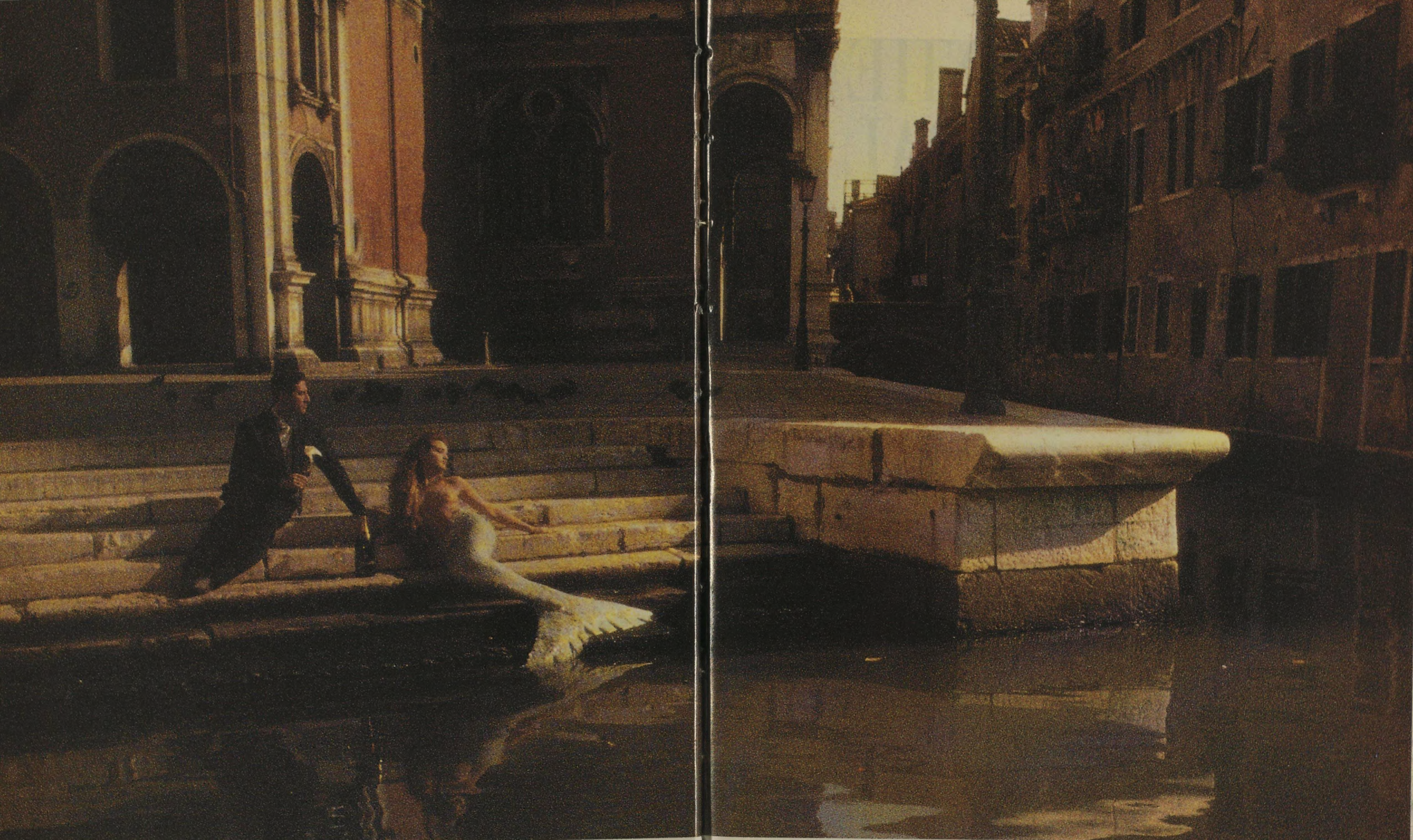
by Patrick Hamilton
Penguin, £7.99

The three books on Ernest Ralph Gorse are among the finest Patrick Hamilton wrote, and it is good to have them published in this form. The account of Gorse's life and suburban adventures, some of them admirably suited to *The News of the World*, wittily portrays the darker side of the British class system.

Airs and Angels

by Susan Hill
Mandarin, £3.99

There is a melancholy in East Anglia that has permeated Susan Hill's new novel to an almost unbearable extent. The story, about a middle-aged Edwardian academic whose even-patterned life is transformed by the sight of a girl on a bridge, is slight, but the mood is all-embracing.



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